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[WEALTH, BANK, AND BEAUTY.]

CLARICE VILLIERS;

OR,

WHAT LOVE FEARED.

CHAPTER I.

TRETTING AT THE CAGE.

Some respect for social fictions
Has been also lost by me;
And some generous genealogies,
Which my spirit offered free,
To the pleasant old conventions
Of our false humanity.

THE soft chords of one of Mendelssohn's delicious songs without words were filling the warm, perfumed summer air with added sweetness as a beautiful girl, whose deft fingers wandered with skilful touch over the ivory keys, looked over her shoulder through the open French window at the glowing flower parterres beyond in a dreamy reverie.

A firm quick tread sounded on the broad steps which flanked the statue-adorned terrace, and the next minute a young man entered the open space. He glanced at the fair performer with a curious, languid expression of surprise.

"Is it you who are playing, Clarice? I came in through wonder at who it could be. I thought your taste lay all in the way of firework music, all dash, and flash, and thunder—two full handfuls of keys struck at every note, after the manner of Herr von Bulow and Co."

The girl gave a little rippling laugh.

"Now you are unjust, Everard. You know that I can both appreciate and interpret, as the phrase runs, the music of the great masters. But one must play what people like to listen to when they listen at all. If I were to play the psalm tunes of dear old Doctor Luther at a fashionable reunion I should be voted a bore, and you wouldn't like that."

"I don't know!"

"Don't know but that you would like me to be called a bore! Oh, Everard, you are insufferable this morning!"

"No. I don't mean that. But I should be glad of anything out of the common groove, even if it consisted in playing chorales at an evening party. Jupiter! how the dowagers would stare."

"Poor boy! You're one of your cynical attacks in an intense form this morning, Everard."

The young man laughed and seated himself on a low ottoman near the piano.

"If you don't take care the complaint will become chronic, Everard. Why cannot you take society as it is and be happy? I'm sure it's very pleasant. We've no end of good things—the Row, the Opera, the Academy, garden parties, Ascot, kettledrums, balls and afternoon teas during the season, and, in the winter, hunting, shooting—with those jolly country balls and parties. Really, Everard, you are unreasonable!"

"It may be so. But I am tired of our idle conventionalities, which reduce live women and men to society's puppets. I had rather be a labourer or a scavenger and have some hold of a real, honest, flesh-and-blood life."

"You would make a very ideal scavenger,

with those white hands and that delicate blue coat, a masterpiece fresh from Saville Row, I suspect."

"It is not jokes that will alter my convictions, Clarice!"

"Indeed! How sententious we are! They spoiled you in Germany."

"They gave me glimpses into true and real life."

"With whom did you principally consort at the German University, Everard, Socialists or Nihilists?"

The girl put the question with such an arch look that the young man laughed, though not without a shadow of annoyance.

"My companions were men with hearts in their bosoms."

"I should have anticipated as much. I fancy that in England neither your sex nor my own can get on without that much-enduring organ."

"We take care that it shall beat at the regulation society rate. Not one fuller throb shall be felt beneath a lady's silk corsage or a man's jewelled shirt front."

"Complimentary! I presume that if you had these advantages at Leipzig you yet lacked some privileges of our own land?"

"Many. We have, so far as I can recollect, no women—oh! I will pass over the ladies. Well, we had no cold-hearted, worn-out men whose only interest is in the racecourse or the gaming table; we had no 'honourable' merchants who sometimes scuttle their ships, and are not particular if they are filled with their drowning sailors; we had no banks which break to the ruin of the widow and the fatherless, and—greatest blessing of all—we had no 'society' papers to pander to cruel scandals or idle tattle

and serve up falsehoods in the guise of truth."

A little pause followed. Of what was Clarice Villiers thinking as she sat there looking with a curious, inquiring gaze at her lover's face? Who shall say? Perhaps she thought of the folly of a man, the son of a marquis, the heir to one of the finest demesnes in England—the accepted lover of herself, Clarice Villiers—cherishing discontent at even his happiness.

Perhaps, on the other hand, she thought that this feeling, which lent a glow to the handsome, manly face of the young lord, which fired his full grey eyes and made his voice hold an intonation of earnestness, could not, at least, be an ignoble or unbecoming one.

The pair made a pretty picture as Mrs. Villiers presently entered the room. The girl, small and delicately formed, with her arch, piquant face upturned, and her big blue eyes fixed with a little wonder on her lover, her tawny hair glinting in the summer sunlight as she leant a little back on the music-stool, one hand still resting on the keys; Lord Everard Redmond, tall and stalwart, as becomes an English patrician, blonde, too, like his mistress, grey of eye and tawny of hair, with the glew of a fresh colour on his healthy, sunburnt face, whose features were bold and clear-cut.

"Ah! musically inspired this morning, Lord Redmond? By the way, have you heard Madame at the last concert?"

The young man replied in the negative.

"I do not think that Everard is musically inclined, mamma. On the contrary, I consider him discordant, since he has been uttering the most awful accusations against society in general."

"Do me justice, Clarice."

"Oh, I will! Everard is like Hamlet, mamma. 'Man delights him not, nor woman neither.' He is going to be a scavenger."

Mrs. Villiers smiled.

"He had better become a diamond-digger or a bank-director, and give his earnings to a charitable institution. Seriously, Lord Redmond, you should not dwell too much on your strange ideas, or you will become like the dweller at Cloudeley Folly."

"And who may he be?"

"He! Oh, it is a woman! Have you not heard of Madame Dornton of Cloudeley Folly, better known as Dornton's Den?"

"No."

"Ah, I forgot you are a stranger to Cornwall. I do not wonder at it. I would not be here myself before the close of the season if I could help it."

"But this Madame Dornton?"

"Oh, she is the most singular character. I have never seen her myself, but many years ago she came to our neighbourhood and occupied the large country seat known as Cloudeley Folly. It is a fine old Tudor mansion, and was filled with rare paintings of Vandyke, Rubens, and Holbein, and all kinds of rarities and curiosities. The pineries and graperies were renowned, and so was the lavish hospitality of its former owner. This Mrs.—or Madame—Dornton came with her only daughter, then a child. She brought no servants—kept no horses. She lived alone."

"Alone?"

"Certainly. How, no one can say. The lands which belonged to the Folly were let to a neighbouring farmer. The gardens and farm-buildings were allowed to fall into decay."

"But she must have had some one—a cook?"

"You shall hear. For coo, that did not trouble Mrs. Dornton. She had little to cook. Occasionally the butcher's cart called with a supply of coarse meat for some days. So, too, the miller sent at intervals a sack of flour; other things absolutely necessary the same."

"But if she is poor, why live at such a place?"

"I did not say that she was poor. True, appearances would seem to show poverty; but she is not poor. Although she never enters the parish church, yet when Mr. Nelson, our vicar, was collecting to restore the church, he ventured into the den, and saw its owner. She gave

him a cheque on a London banker for one thousand pounds."

"Is she mad?"

"In a business sense, certainly not. Of course her eccentricity borders upon insanity."

"And her daughter?"

"Is equally eccentric. She never leaves the Folly. I have seen her once, and once only. One day when I was following the hounds I caught a glimpse of her; a slatternly-looking, country hoyden, but with one of the most lovely faces I ever met."

"She, of course, comes abroad?"

"Never. The girl is as great a recluse as her mother."

"And they still live alone in the great house?"

"No. A strange man, deformed and hideous, wandered one night to our village. He was not a native of these parts, and seems to have met but scant hospitality. In point of fact, he was lying by the roadside dying of starvation, and the over-seers were taking counsel as to removing him by force to the union, for he avowed he would never go there of his own free will, when this eccentric old woman saw him—for it was near her place; she came out and gave him food, and, I suppose, her arm to the door of the Folly, and there he has remained ever since, nursing as men servant, I presume."

"A strange woman. I should like to see her—to see them both—mother and daughter."

"You are scarcely likely to do that."

"It is to be hoped that he will not, mamma. Fancy, if they met Everard and turned him into a misanthrope and a hermit. Isn't it dreadful?"

"I don't think there is much fear of the future Marquis of Malvernes becoming a hermit, Clarice. Oh! have you that new Hungarian secret amongst your music?"

The piece was found and played crisply and sparklingly, but as Lord Redmond turned the leaves he thought, even as he looked at his beloved's face:

"I should like to see the girl who is the most lovely whom Mrs. Villiers has ever met—and I will!"

CHAPTER II.

THE ABOLISHER'S DEN.

I loathe mankind, the world I spurn,
My curse be on the faithless race;
From tone of living voice I turn,
And shudder at a human face.

"ARICIA" "I have been thinking of you since I last saw you."

"Yes, mother."

"Have you fed him?"

"Yes."

"Has he worried the dummy?"

"Oh, yes! You should have seen him."

"Stop! How often do you intend to forget my injunctions?"

"I beg forgiveness."

"You shall not suffer; but the next time you use many words where a monosyllable would suffice, I will chastise you bitterly. You understand?"

"Yes, mother."

"I am not satisfied with you; you are neglecting him."

"No."

"I am certain of it. He is getting spiritless and tame as a lamb."

"Go near him without your whip and try it!"

"I say he is. 'Take care!'"

The speakers were a strange pair. Not less strange were their surroundings. The elder was a woman of perhaps fifty. To judge from her face alone, she might have been any age from that to a hundred. Her face of forbidding harshness, seamed with innumerable wrinkles on brow and cheek, and almost oriental in its dusky tinting, was crowned by abundant hair of snowy whiteness, seldom seen on a female head, hanging in long elf-locks over her countenance, but gathered up in a kind of wild-looking wisp at the back of her head, and there

fastened partially by a wig of hazel which served as hair-pin.

The woman's garb was equally peculiar. She wore a kind of skirt of coarse winsey, which was fashioned somewhat after the usual style of feminine habiliments; but over this and covering the upper part of her tall, gaunt figure, was a coarse smock-frock of the kind still worn in some parts of the country by agricultural labourers. A pair of high-low boots with thick soles, heavily nailed, completed her attire.

Her companion was a girl of about eighteen, tall and well formed, the willowy flexure of whose outlines was filling into the fuller rounded curves of womanhood's most voluptuous grace. The consummate oval of her face, the delicately formed nose, bold chin, and proud lips, were of the highest type of beauty. Rich colouring on cheek and mouth accorded well with the olive skin, the large, full, intense brown eyes, and dark, crisp-curling hair, cut short and neither parted nor in any way arranged.

The girl was dressed in a loose frock of sober colour, confined at the waist by a rough leather belt, the short sleeves of the garment exhibiting her exquisitely moulded arms nearly to the shoulders, and its sparse proportions showing more of her well-formed lower limbs than is usual at a period when early girlhood is past.

The elder woman was seated in an antique chair of oak, magnificently carved, but creaked with age and chipped and broken in many places. The girl leant against the window seat, one tanned yet taper finger keeping the place in a magnificently bound book which she held.

No words could give a fit picture of the mingling of faded splendour and squalid wretchedness which characterised the spacious room in which the couple were. From the high ceiling above, which yet bore traces of exquisite colouring and golden enrichment, great slabs of plaster had fallen and gigantic cobwebs descended.

The floor of the room was of the same old wainscoting of the walls was cracked and shattered, and grimy with the dust and smoke of years. There, yet hung at intervals large paintings, massively framed; but the canvases showed only one monotonous surface of alabaster brown, and the gilding had disappeared from their framing. The floor of parquet in oak and walnut was uncarpeted and unswept. The ancient oak furniture, with its coverings of velvet of Utrecht, was broken and in direct disrepair, and from the windows of stained glass half the panes were missing.

Two things were, however, especially noticeable—a large bookcase, filled with sumptuously-bound volumes, and a cabinet of black walnut, whose strong-looks were adorned by immense escutcheons of steel artistically wrought.

A fire of beechen billets flamed between the silver-ended andirons under the spacious chimney, although the summer sun glowed fervently through the windows. Heaped pell-mell beside the hearth were some ordinary culinary utensils.

"Aricia, I shall take food," said the woman, as she rose from her chair.

She had appeared very old while she sat, or rather crouched, in the great oak chair. Now, as she drew up to its fullest extent, her stately height, and stood erect as a dart, or moved supple as a panther, had it not been for her corrugated face, she might have been pronounced still in the flush of early womanhood.

She left the room and returned presently with a piece of raw meat roughly cut into an irregular form in her hand. Then, kneeling before the fire, she drew a tarnished silver gridiron from the pile of cooking implements, and placing it across the blazing logs, exposed the food for a few seconds to the fierce heat.

Turning it off on a plate of rare porcelain, the strange cook placed her meal on the bare table and proceeded to devour it rapidly and ravenously.

Meanwhile the girl, paying no attention to her mother's movements, had opened her book and was immersed in its perusal.

One could almost have guessed what she read from her countenance. The rays of the summer sun streaming through the window beside her

threw the rich hues of the parti-coloured glass over her lovely face. But the meretricious colouring could not conceal the ever-varying play of feature as the girl read on. A thousand delicate shades of emotion flew over brow and cheek. Tears glistened in the glorious eyes, to flee as sunny smiles rippled around the ripe lips.

Her repast ended, the woman pushed back her plate, and sinking back in her chair, glared across at her child.

"Aricia, shall you eat?"

"Not now."

"Idle not there then. To the garden and work."

The girl made no reply; but crossing the floor, carefully replaced her book, then leaving the room, proceeded along the corridors which led to the rear of the mansion.

A broad, paved courtyard lay between the house and the garden, bordered on the one hand by extensive stabling; and on the other by the buildings of a farm-standing.

Sun-hat or gardening-gloves did not seem to enter into the girl's calculations. She proceeded first to a shed and took therefrom a heavy hoe, then crossed the courtyard to an enormous dog-kennel.

At sound of her light footing on the flags an immense animal emerged and greeted her with a roar of welcome. It was a dog as tall as a Shetland pony, of enormous bulk and ferocious look; apparently a cross between the strains of Mont St. Bernard and mastiff. Such perhaps were the giant hounds of Molossian breed which, in the Roman circles, pulled down to death wolf, or bear, or lordly lion.

The girl knelt down by the huge brute and flung her arms around him, stroked, patted, caressed and teased him. Then in rough play opened his cavernous jaws, showing his black-roofed mouth, and placed her face therein. A grating, strident voice sounded from the stables:

"Leave Fiend alone, will ye, Miss 'Richia? Ye spoil him with your stupid pranks."

And over the half-door appeared an immense visage, round as a plate and rubicund as a flame, surmounted by a shock of coarse red hair.

"All right, Til."

"My name ain't Til, nor no sitch heathenish word. I wish Fiend 'ud clasp his jaws together and spoil the face that ye stand and look at the 'lection of in the moat by the heur together, 'cause madame won't let ye ha' ne'er a lookin' glass—ha, ha!"

The girl flushed at the jibe at her feminine weakness.

"You're only envious, Til, because Fiend wouldn't let you pat your big face in his mouth. Never mind; give me Gyp."

The man muttered an imprecation, and swinging the half-door open, stood revealed. It was then apparent why only his head had been visible. He was a dwarf scarcely more than four feet high, with little bowed legs, a big, round body, and shoulders of tremendous breadth.

"I wish Fiend would rend you to pieces, you and madame there too. I do—yes, I do!"

"Oh, no, you don't, Til, and you know that you don't, so do not be wicked."

"Don't I—don't I? Curse you, and ma—"

"Stop!" cried the girl, drawing herself up haughtily. "You shall not speak so of my mother. You will force me to remind you who took pity on you when men chased you from their thresholds and refused you food and shelter. Who received you when you lay faint, starving, dying? who shared with you the protection of her roof-tree, the succour of her meal? Tell me that."

The man turned back into the stable with an inarticulate growl, but presently returned bearing in his arms a beautiful white Pomeranian dog.

"Ah! that's a good dear, Til. How bright Gyp looks. You given him his bath, too. I am sorry for what I said to you."

The man put the dog down and looked at the girl earnestly.

"There bea'n't no reason for you to be sorry, Miss 'Richia. But I—I be main sorry for what I said. No, I ain't—yes, I am. Go away, child, I don't want to like nobody 'uman no more than yer mother do, an' sometimes I forgets that ye are 'uman, and takes ye for an angel."

"Silly old Til. A pretty angel I should be, from all that I can learn of angels in my books."

And with a light laugh the girl caught up her dog and ran over the courtyard to the garden. That place was the perfect counterpart of the house. It was very spacious and had once evidently been highly cultivated. Now it was a strange waste of neglected desert with little oases, where patches of vegetables or plots of bright flowers showed amid the desolation. The enclosure was in truth the counterpart of that over which the deserted maiden of the Laureate's poem cast her weary eyes:

With blackest moss the flower plots
— Were thickly crusted, one and all;
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the pear to the gable wall.

Over trunk and branches of rarest fruit trees crept the green and yellow garments of the parasitic lichen; thistles and rampant broad-leaved docks sprang up around, and from the decaying woodwork of greenhouses and forcing pit the glass had dropped and shivered on the hard soil beneath.

The desolation did not seem to affect Aricia. She took her hoe and went energetically to work at the weeds which grew between the feathery leafage of a small bed of carrots and the crisp green of an adjacent lettuce plot. But the girl varied her toil with lighter business.

Now to chase a glowing swallow-tail butterfly, and, swift as itself, catch it between her rosy palms with act so agile, yet tender, that no slightest dust of its bright plumage was brushed away, then after long and admiring gaze free it to the warm air again. Now it would be to interfere between mischievous Gyp and a stolid old toad ensconced under the cool strawberry leaves, which ancient reptile Gyp had turned over in such wise that his yellow belly looked skyward, and his ungainly limbs extended themselves appealingly. But Gyp seemed very penitent when his mistress scolded him, and the toad made friends with Aricia as readily as did the butterfly.

But Gyp was destined to do much greater mischief on that summer morning than making the existence of toads unhappy. He was to do something which should change the entire tenor of his mistress's life.

No more should Aricia's meditations be "fancy free;" no more should her wants and wishes be bounded by the narrow limits of the strange home where squalid, almost savage, recluseness took the place of the ordinary hearty life of human kind.

It fell out through Gyp's bad temper. Aricia was struggling with a particularly obstinate patch of weeds when she heard the white Pomeranian barking with unusual vigour. The girl did not at first relinquish her toil, but suddenly a most fearful howl of terror or pain from her little favourite assailed her ears, and on looking up she found that Gyp had disappeared.

She knew that the privet hedge which divided the garden from an unfrequented lane was full of holes. Doubtless Gyp had tried to creep through, and had stuck fast. Aricia ran to the hedge, hoe in hand, but as she did so a yet more lugubrious howl told her that her pet must be in the lane itself.

Looking over the fence of greenery, Aricia saw that Gyp lay extended on the ground between the feet of a big mastiff. To plunge through the thick stiff bushes was the work of a moment for the active girl. She ran up to the great dog with her hoe lifted above her head as if to strike, but as the tawny opponent upturned his large brown, red-rimmed eyes to her face, the girl murmured:

"Never strike an unarmed adversary."

And seizing the animal dragged him off his prey. As she did so a figure vaulted lightly over an adjacent stile and stood in the road. It

was Lord Redmond. His eye took in the group instantly.

"Good heavens, girl, are you mad! Let the dog go! Leo, lie down, sir! What are you doing there?"

But the big dog did not move. Gyp, however, thinking perhaps that discretion was the better part of valour, ran away from his enemy with all speed, and defied him at a safe distance.

Aricia arose and faced the new comer. As Everard's eyes fell on the girl's face he gave a little start of surprise. Then he lifted his hat and bowed courteously.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I most heartily beg your pardon."

"Why should you?" rejoined the girl, uncompromisingly.

Lord Redmond's admiring glance changed to a stare of wonder. At first view he had taken the girl for a peasant. That idea was dispelled when he saw the refined beauty of her face, which for the moment blinded him to her shortcomings in the matter of costume.

Aricia's blunt question-reply brought back his first notion, that she was some labourer's daughter, but then again the clear, perfect intonation of the curious words was that of a lady. Besides, labourers' daughters do not usually possess fleecy-white Pomeranians with silver collars around their necks.

"By George, I'm in for a new sensation," he muttered.

Then aloud:

"I begged your pardon because I spoke so roughly. I feared that Leo might bite you."

"Leo, as you call him, is only good to bite little dogs," Aricia replied, defiantly, yet with an inquisitive glance at the speaker.

"He does not do that. I suspect he only gave your pet a lesson to prevent him from presuming. Don't you think so?"

"Perhaps."

The young man noticed that Aricia was surveying him with considerable curiosity. He felt sure that she had taken an inventory of him from the crown of his shiny hat to the tips of his jaunty boots.

"What a little Saint Simplicity," he said to himself. "If it isn't audacity—and it doesn't appear to be—I should say, with Polixenes, 'tis the prettiest little low-born lass, et-cetera. Well, we'll see. So you forgive Leo and me?" he said, advancing closer to the girl.

She looked at him and nodded. What did she see then in his clear, grey eyes which made her dark orbs falter in their fixed regard and turn their looks earthward?

"Then we are not enemies?"

"Oh, no."

He held his hands behind him while he struggled with a tightly-fitting glove. Then he extended his naked palm, saying:

"Friends shake hands."

A vivid colour flooded the girl's beautiful face.

"I do not know. I have no friends—at least, only mother and Til."

"Rather a small circle, Miss—Miss—what shall I say?"

"My name? Oh, Aricia."

"A very pretty one too—classical. But your surname?"

He felt no scruple at putting the question to this stranger; he had already an inkling of the truth.

"Dornton!"

"Ah! I thought so," said Lord Redmond to himself. "This then is the daughter of the mysterious recluse. By Jupiter! this is an adventure. Well, Miss Dornton, you have not yet taken my hand in token of forgiveness for Leo's trespass."

"Should I do so?"

The young man smiled with quiet amusement at the strange question.

"Surely. Why do you ask?"

"I do not know the ways of the world, and you are a stranger. I cannot remember that I have ever spoken to a stranger before, except old Til. And my mother—"

The girl's brunette face paled visibly as she

gleamed apprehensively in the direction of the Folly.

"I trust you will not account me at least as a stranger in the future, for I hope that we shall meet very—very many times again."

There was a grave earnestness about his manner and speech very unlike the indifference which he usually affected. There was too a light in the clear grey-eyes which was akin to that which shone there at intervals when he stood by Clarice Villiers's side—with a difference.

The look had a marked and double effect upon the sunburnt, bareheaded maiden who faced him. First, she took a forward step and placed her hand in Lord Redmond's, then, as his fingers closed around it with a pressure warmer than society sanctions on an acquaintance so brief, Aricia's face was again crimson-flushed, and she strove to withdraw from the clasp.

What magic was there in the contact that it should cause the girl to feel a sudden and painful pang of shame thrill her heart? She had spoken the truth when she said that she knew nought of the intercourse of the world. Few, save a chance labourer or a wandering hawk, went near Cloudeley Folly, and Aricia was never permitted to pass its precincts. All the windows of the front of the mansion too, which commanded a partial view of a road along which some traffic passed, were always closed by heavy shutters.

To any of the resorts of men, even to any fame where the Deity is worshipped, went the girl never. She knew the outside world only from her books, and by one sole glimpse, when she had seen toiling over the fallow-land behind the great orchard of the Folly a tired fox, pursued by the sleek-skinned, spotted hounds, and followed by a train in all hunting bravery; mer in their glowing pink, and graceful ladies who could "witch the world with noble horse"-womanship.

The girl was aware that her mother and herself were not attired like the creatures of that splendid vision, but she had never realised how wide was the difference until the moment when she stood fronting Lord Redmond with her hand clasped close in his.

Then her eyes were opened; her heart appeared to shrink with an infinite, painful sense of shame; her coarse frock seemed to cling to her like the fiery garment of some martyr. What would she not have given that it should change to some robe of feminine softness and grace; that sleeves should bud to cover her brown, handsome arms; that a train should develop to hide the shapely ankles clad in their coarse blue hose, and the little feet disfigured by their heavy boots?

Had Aricia but known what was passing in Lord Redmond's mind, she would have seen that these matters troubled him not at all. He was far too much engrossed in perusing her beautiful face, in gazing at her glorious eyes, in thinking that never—not in the most aristocratic resorts of his own or other lands—had he seen a woman so purely lovely.

Aricia's intense desire to free herself and flee was presently gratified, although not in the manner she could have wished.

"Wretched girl, what do you there?"

Both Redmond and Aricia started at the harsh tones, and the latter sprang back. Over and beyond the privat hedge towered the tall, gaunt form of Madame Dornton. Her face was convulsed by passion to an expression almost diabolical, and she menaced the girl with a tremendous hunting whip which she grasped.

The young man saw the gesture, and had no doubt of the identity of the unwelcome apparition.

"Let me see you again, I implore you, Miss Dornton," he whispered, eagerly and tremulously; "I will be here at this spot each day. I beg that you will permit me another interview."

"Come here, Aricia."

The woman was drawing the long, cruel lash through her left hand as if to supple it ready for use. A sudden fear seized Lord Redmond.

"Good heavens, Miss Dornton, what is she going to do? Stay here. I will protect you."

But Aricia had already passed the hedge, and was flying fast along the grassy paths. Not swiftly enough, however, for the woman followed close, and the heavy lash fell fast on the naked arms and neck of the fugitive, whose screams of pain were answered by terrible roars of rage from Fiend in his distant kennel. Like a flash Lord Redmond dashed through the hedge. With great leaps he came up to the pursuer, and seizing her unceremoniously by the shoulder, held her back, while with the other hand he tore the whip from her grasp.

(To be Continued.)

A DREAM.

METHOUGHT I wandered 'neath the shady trees,
The perfume of sweet flowers filled the breeze,
And as I turned to cross the little brook
My love came to me and my hand he took.

"Dear heart!" he cried, and clasped me to his breast,
And on my lips and cheeks sweet kisses pressed.
Then hand in hand we climbed the moss-grown hill
Where on the summit stands the old wind-mill.

And then we sat and talked; the golden sun
Sank low beneath the west, his journey done;
And as we turned again to cross the stream
I woke! My love was gone! 'Twas but a dream!

A dream! Alas! two weeks ago he died.
We never more shall wander side by side,
Except in dreams. Then welcome kindly night
That fills the darkness with such visions bright.

FLORICULTURE.

FERNS AND THEIR TREATMENT.—It is well known that ferns will grow where flowering plants will perish. Their chief requirements are moisture and shade; and, best of all, Dame Nature gives them freely to all who choose to gather them, in the greenwoods and hedgerows, and on the open plains. No costly appliances are necessary to their culture; the simplest and least expensive materials will answer, and the exquisite gracefulness of the ferns will overshadow and cover all deficiencies of plant case or flower pot. But to those who can afford to decorate and embellish the house they inhabit, every artistic accessory is open which modern taste has invented. Fern cases, stands, pockets, brackets, boxes, hanging baskets, and pots of innumerable variety can be procured, each season producing something novel.

In taking up ferns from the open air for home decoration, be careful to take up also a good ball of earth around the roots, and to notice the kind of earth in which you found them growing, and all the small circumstances connected with their habitat or dwelling-place.

In proportion to your success in reproducing these will be the flourishing of your fern visitor. Fern soil is generally composed of leaf mould, peat, and loam, and most old woods and forests will be found to furnish all these, oftentimes lying in regular gradation one over the other. Perhaps, however, the woods and forests are a long way off, and nothing is attainable but the rough soil of the garden; in this case, you must get some sandy loam from the nurseryman, to render it lighter and more friable, and add some

chemical fertilizer as a substitute for the leaf mould. And it is wonderful what effect may be produced by the expenditure of a little money and a great deal of trouble in the ugly back premises of a town house. A stone taken up in the paved yard will be an opening for a perfect "fern paradise" in that unsightly place, and the dark, damp back window has an unknown capacity for decoration.

OUR IMMENSE CITY.

STATISTICS are dry reading, but in no other way can one gain an adequate idea of the magnitude of London. An approximating idea may be reached from the fact that within a fifteen-mile radius of Charing Cross, all of which is thickly populated, are 700 square miles. Another way of stating its size give us thirteen miles from east to west, and nine and one-half miles from north to south, in which space are contained over 4,000,000 people, composed of all nations upon the face of the globe.

It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Irish than the city of Dublin, and more Scotchmen than Edinburgh. The sanitary statistics show the fact that a birth occurs here every five minutes upon an average, and a death every eight minutes throughout the year. One must pause thoughtfully to take in the deduction to be drawn from these facts. It has 30,000 miles of courts, lanes, and streets! To which is added 28 miles of new thoroughfares annually: 125 persons are every day added to the population, making an annual increase of 45,000. There are over 2,000 schools, 70 poor-houses, 200 hospitals, 400 benevolent institutions, 7,000 lawyers.

Nearly 8,000 vessels enter the London docks annually. There are over 100 insurance companies, and 2,000 distinct trades followed by its residents. There are 1,700 omnibuses, and nearly 7,000 cabs; 1,000 vehicles per hour pass through Cheapside, and 20,000 vehicles a day cross over London Bridge. There are between 30 and 40 theatres, and numberless concert halls. The number of beer shops and gin palaces may be judged of from the fact that if they were placed side by side, they would reach a distance of seventy-five miles. The police force numbers 10,000 strong.

EASILY CULTIVATED.

Few flowers look handsomer in a garden than a bed of asters. Arranged with the tallest varieties in the centre and graduated down to the dwarf Schiller or chrysanthemum aster, they will make as fine a show in a garden as a bed of geraniums, while the cost of the plants will be very trifling. Asters need eight inches of soil. The different varieties of annuals are almost numberless, one would class candytuft, sweet alyssum, browallia, ageratum, convolvulus, cetranthus, dianthus, pinks, gypsophila, larkspur, mignonette, petunias, nasturtium, pansies, phlox, salpiglossis, viscaria, saponaria, sweet peas, ranunculus. Planted with these hardy plants, a garden will present a succession of bloom.

A DRAMATIC poem in MSS. has been found in a bundle of old newspapers of the date 1765-70, which were revealed by the demolition of houses in Brook-street, Holborn. The poem is believed to be by Chatterton, who committed suicide in a house in Brook-street, 1770.

THERE is no work of art which can do greater honour to the talents and taste of a married woman, and which she ought more readily to polish, than—her daughter.

THE death of the Prince Imperial was attributable to a delay in mounting his horse, yet, writes a correspondent, he was not only a bold but a most skilful rider.



[LADY BELLINDA'S CURIOSITY.]

THE COST OF CORA'S LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Clytie Cranbourne," "The Golden Bowl,"

"Poor Lee," "Bound to the Trawl,"

"Pringed with Fire," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Not only knightly spurs are worn,
The brightest by the better born.

THE Lamorna chariot stood at the gates of Stoneycroft, and the Lamorna footman, gorgeously resplendent in plush, silk, and powder, thundered at the door of the bijou cottage which stood in its own garden half buried in roses. In the chariot sat Lady Bellinda Lyster and her heroine, the latter a trifle nervous lest her ladyship and Mrs. Smith might not strike each other favourably or get on well together.

"Mrs. Smith is at home," the astonished maid of all work replied: then she leads the way into the drawing-room, the two ladies following her.

Very critically and keenly Lady Bellinda glances around as she is led through the small but pretty abode. The cottage or villa is the property of her brother, the marquis, and she has often been in the house before, but she has never seen it look half so pretty and elegant as it does now.

When they entered the drawing-room it was empty, and the wide French window which led out to the flower-garden was open, giving admission to an infinite variety of sweet perfumes,

and deepening the impression of almost oriental luxury which the furniture of the place suggested.

"Your friend seems to know how to make the most of this nutshell," remarked her starched ladyship, as she glanced round the room admiringly, and yet with some disapproval, inspired, no doubt, by the foreign element so distinctly visible in all the surroundings of the place.

Before Cora could reply, the door opened and Mrs. Smith came into the room. She was not a tall woman, nor had she ever been really pretty, but, though she was now nearly fifty years of age, there was a wonderful charm in her voice and manner, and in the sweet, pleasant face that time had not yet wrinkled, while a pink flush warmed her cheek and made her look almost youthful.

Very gracefully and courteously she received her visitors. But she was by no means overwhelmed by the honour of a call from the sister of a marquis, and she treated her ladyship as she would have treated any other lady who had shown her an act of civility.

"Your son seems a very promising young man?" remarked Lady Bellinda, abruptly.

"Yes; I am very proud of him," with a pleased smile. "He has worked very hard for his success."

"Ah, yes. Your husband has been dead a good many years, hasn't he, Mrs. Smith?"

"Yes," sadly. "He died very soon after Walter was born."

"What was he? What trade or profession, I mean."

The widow's fair cheek flushed. There was a brusque air of aggressiveness in Lady Bellinda's tone and manner that those unused to it were apt to feel inclined to resent:

"My husband had neither trade nor profession," she said, a trifle haughtily.

"Ah! A man of family and independent fortune?" pursued her questioner.

"Yes," slowly and reluctantly, as though the description were not quite accurate, and yet she

did not care to enter into any more particular definition.

Lady Bellinda, however, was not to be silenced or put off in this manner.

"Is your son like his father?" she went on.

"Yes; very like him, and he grows more like him every day; by the time he is thirty-five—the age at which my poor husband died—I think he will be the very image of what his father was."

"Thirty-five," remarked Lady Bellinda, making a mental calculation. "Did your husband die in England?"

"No; he died at Lima, in Peru," a trifle impatiently.

The fact was, Mrs. Smith was getting rather tired of being catechised in this way, particularly by a stranger.

"And were you married in England?" persisted her ladyship.

Mrs. Smith was becoming restive, and she now said coldly:

"I was married in Lima. My father lived there; he owned silver mines in the mountains; he became acquainted with Mr. Smith, who, I believe, brought letters of introduction to him. A month after my husband and I first met we were married. Two months after Walter was born his father died suddenly—was killed in fact—but these memories are very painful to me," with a shiver; "please let us change the subject."

Lady Bellinda was beaten for the time, but she accepted her defeat gracefully, and began to talk about the people who lived in the neighbourhood, about the church, the village schools, and the poor, and she finally rose to go, after saying she hoped to have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Smith at the Castle.

Cora had said little or nothing during this visit. Indeed, Lady Bellinda had scarcely given her a chance of putting in a remark. Curiosity, not civility, had brought the old lady to Stoneycroft, and that curiosity was still unsatisfied.

The more she thought of it, however, the

more improbable it appeared that Mrs. Smith could have known, still less that she could have married the lost Lord William Lyster, and she dismissed the idea, for the time at least, from her mind.

"Your friend seems to be a very pleasant woman," her ladyship was gracious enough to remark to the girl as they drove away to make other visits of ceremony, "though I can scarcely understand what attraction she can have for a young girl like you."

"She is so amiable, auntie, and so clever, and though I suppose she can't be young, yet she seems so. Then she has travelled a great deal and has lived in South America for some years. You should know how Miss Ladbroke admires her; it was through my governess that Mrs. Smith came to reside at Stonycroft."

"Ah! how did it happen?"

"Miss Ladbroke asked papa to take a friend of hers as a tenant for Stonycroft; Mrs. Smith was looking about for a home at the time, and papa always likes to do anything to oblige Miss Ladbroke, because she is so good to me, so that was how Mrs. Smith came. She hasn't been in the cottage more than two months, and only see what a change she has made in the place already."

"Yes, she has indeed. You must ask Miss Ladbroke to dine with us to-day."

"Why not, auntie; but then is Mr. Latimer wandering about smoking; he looks as though he didn't know what to do with himself. Shall we offer him a seat in the carriage?"

"Certainly not. I don't smoke and smokers. If he wants to ride or drive he can have a mount or a dog-cart without my having to endure the infliction of his company. I don't like the man, and I wish him to go."

"He can scarcely fail to do that, auntie," returned Cora, with a laugh; "but he is our guest even if we don't like him."

"You will be teaching me good manners soon," snappishly. "I suppose you find the young man improves upon acquaintance?"

"No, auntie, I can't say that I do; but he tries to be attentive and courteous, and you have always told me that I ought never to show in my manner more than I can help whether I like or dislike a person."

"Humph! Well, I am not going to be bored with him. How long is he going to stay here, I wonder?"

Cora shook her head; the invitation to Launcelet Latimer had not been given for any specified time, and the girl felt sure that the young man himself intended his visit to be a long one.

At Lady Beverly's, where they next called, they met, besides many country people, Mr. Fleming Cadbury with his friend and guest, Walter Smith. Lady Beverly had three daughters to marry, and she never spared herself any trouble in hunting up and running down an eligible parti.

Not that her hunts had hitherto eventuated in anything but vexation of spirit; for the young men whom she hit upon were always very wayward, and the three "dear girls" had no fortunes. Also, for so proud a family, the Beverlys were very poor, and their father, Sir Augustus, though yielding enough on most points, was firm in his determination, to use his own expression, "not to undress before he went to bed," in other words, not to divide his possessions before he died.

Thus the Beverlys were always giving or going to kettledrums, archery meetings, and croquet or badminton parties; and of one thing their friends could be quite certain, that whatever the ultimate result might be, from a matrimonial point of view, they would always have a number of people in their house when they were at home or with them when they were out.

So it happened that when Lady Bellinda Lyster, followed by Cora, came into the drawing-room, Lady Beverly rose gushingly to receive them, while one of the "dear girls" reluctantly paused in her conversation with the rector, and the two other "dear girls" likewise for the moment abandoned Walter Smith, whom they had both been trying to fascinate.

The rector was rich, Lady Beverly had not yet had time to inquire into the financial position of young Smith, nor did she for the time connect him with that widow lady who lived in the pretty little house on the Lamorna estate.

Something like a twinge of pain shot through Cora Lyster's heart as she saw Mabel Beverly looking with such observing interest into Walter Smith's dark eyes. The sensation was novel to her, and not pleasant, and she was not sorry when she found herself by Sir Augustus Beverly's side at the open window, where she could admire the flowers and play with the lap-dog who recognised her as an old friend.

Seated here, saying "yes" and "no" at random to the proxy remarks of the old baronet, Cora could not help hearing the following observations:

LADY BELLINDA: "How do you do, Mr. Smith? We have just been making a call at Stonycroft."

WALTER SMITH: "I am sure my mother must have felt honoured to receive your ladyship."

LADY BEVERLY (in surprise): "Stonycroft! Your mother! Does your mother live in our neighbourhood, Mr. Smith?"

LADY BELLINDA (before Walter Smith can reply): "Oh, yes, and a charming woman she is, too. You will be delighted to make Mrs. Smith's acquaintance; you must come to the castle and meet her. She made a garden party, but for my own part I prefer a dinner and a dance: what do you think, Mr. Smith?"

Lady Beverly's face had fallen, even Cora could see that. The charming young man who had taken the highest honours at Cambridge was not worth her notice, and she had already she had seen a very pretty woman in which he and her daughter Mabel were to play the part of hero and heroine. Mr. Cadbury's voice broke the awkward silence, as he said:

"You must let me give the garden party, Lady Bellinda, and you shall give the dinner and dance, that is," he added with a smile, "if Lady Beverly will take pity upon an unfortunate bachelor and arrange it all for me. You know," he added with a deprecatory smile, "how helpless a poor man is in such cases."

"Except to write the cheques that pay for it," interposed Lady Bellinda, caustically.

No one seemed to hear her, however, it is convenient sometimes to be deaf, and Lady Beverly expressed her willingness to superintend the garden-party at the rectory. Then there was a discussion as to details, and seizing the first opportunity, Walter Smith managed to get round to that side of the room where Sir Augustus and Cora sat.

Lady Beverly no longer kept an eye upon him, and even the fair Mabel knew that henceforth he must be looked upon as a detrimental. Very innocent was the conversation which ensued.

Sir Augustus did most of the talking; he liked to hear the sound of his own voice, also he admired talent, and he was delighted to have a distinguished young man to listen to him, one who had taken the highest honours at his university that very year, so he chatted away complacently while many guests came and went, and while Lady Beverly was arranging the date of the rectory garden party and Lady Bellinda was fruitful in objections against every day suggested.

Tea, ices and strawberries had been handed round, and the ladies from Lamorna Castle had risen to go, when a footman, throwing the door wide open, announced:

"The Marquis of Lamorna and Mr. Latimer."

The Beverly ladies were in a flutter. They had heard of Mr. Latimer's arrival at the castle, and they had been both surprised and disappointed at his not having been brought to their house by Lady Bellinda.

Here was full compensation, however. The marquis rarely came to their afternoon teas, and he was the best match in the whole county, and now he had arrived with his probable successor in his train, and Walter Smith and even the

rector must, if they had cared about it, have felt themselves eclipsed.

Mr. Latimer was charming; he paid little or no attention to the daughters, but he devoted himself to Lady Beverly. He wished to make an ally of her; he knew the importance and value of the influence of such a woman, and he determined at any price to secure it. Lady Bellinda was evidently his enemy. Cora disliked him. The rector knew more of him than was quite conducive to his comfort, and he had himself taken a violent and unreasoning dislike to Walter Smith. So he needed allies, and here Lance Latimer felt he had found one.

The Beverlys outshone themselves on this occasion; three good prizes, for poor Walter was out of the running now, had come within view of them. Then the garden-party at the rectory would be practically their own, and though that would not be the case with the entertainment at the castle still, even there, they would be the main guests.

Lady Bellinda, in this delightful condition of things every day, however. She was going, she said, and the marquis who had brought his young kinsman, Walter, from a school of fifty than of Marmora, more to see his sister, and having taken leave, Mr. Latimer and Cora followed.

"They are not married, I suppose," remarked Mabel Beverly, when the party from Lamorna Castle had departed.

"You mean Mr. Latimer and Mr. Latimer?" asked the rector, coldly.

"Of course. Who else should I mean?" with smiling acidity. "Lord Lamorna would not do the very thing to get Cora married and any question as to her marriage settled; it is all very well now, but if an heirship were to die, she would be a mere nobody."

"I don't think Lamorna is likely to leave her defenceless to the tender mercies of the world, or of her friends," returned Fleming Cadbury, bitterly; "he might marry her himself, you know."

"Marry her! How horrible!" and the young ladies tried to look pale with disgust.

"I don't see anything horrible in it," continued the rector, enjoying the dismay his suggestion had occasioned; "he is not related to Miss Cora in any possible way, and I don't think there are many single ladies of your acquaintance, Miss Mabel, who would refuse the marquis, even though he is older than your father. Do you?"

"I don't know what other girls would do, but I wouldn't marry an old man," replied that young lady with a toss of the head.

"Shouldn't like to give her the chance," muttered Mrs. Cranstead, the wife of a county magistrate who stood by.

A few seconds later, the rest of the visitors departed.

"Do you think there is any probability of such a thing as you suggested taking place?" asked Walter as he and the rector walked away from Beverly Chase; "the marquis seems to look upon Miss Lyster quite as a daughter."

"Of course he does. I only said it to provoke those women; they pretend to adore Cora Lyster to her face, and they say nasty, mean little things of her when she is absent."

"And yet, holding this opinion, you are going to give a garden party to these girls."

"I am going to give it for various reasons, and they are neither better nor worse than their neighbours; only don't lose your heart to either of the Beverly graces unless you have ten thousand a year to fling away with it."

"I?" with disdain. "I am a poor man, and I have my way to make in the world. I cannot afford to fall in love, but if ever I do, it will be with a woman, and not with a dressmaker's doll. But what could have induced Lady Bellinda to call upon my mother? I suppose she has never done so before."

"No one can account for Lady Bellinda's freaks," laughed the rector; "she is peculiar and pretends to be episcopal, but I never knew her do a really unjust action."

"Ah! What is here? Good heavens! a runaway. It is the Lamorna carriage! Thow

open the gates! There! Out of the way for your life!"

It was the Lamorna carriage dashing along at a terrible pace. The horses had taken fright, and though the coachman still held the reins, he had little or no control over them, while but a short distance in advance the closed gate threatened to bring them to grief.

Walter sprang to open this, while the rector, quick as thought, caught one of the reins, and although he could not stop the excited animals, he contrived to guide them safely through the gate into a ploughed field, where their rapid pace was soon slackened, and he and Walter were able to help the ladies to descend while the frightened horses could be calmed down. It was fortunate that this part of the road home was through private property, for it would have been almost impossible to arrest the wild gallop of the horses on the level road.

Of the whole party Lance Latimer had shown the greatest signs of fear, and even, while her own life was in peril Lady Bellinda had found time to look at his white, craven face with proud disdain.

"A lyster, and afraid!" she muttered; and she never relaxed her stiff, unbending attitude until the rector and Walter assisted her to alight.

"Are you hurt? Are you frightened?" asked the younger of the two men, anxiously.

"No, neither," was the reply; "but I should like to know who the woman was that frightened the horses. You know her, don't you, Mr. Latimer?"

"If! No, cousin; I never saw her before."

"Don't call me cousin," with severe displeasure. "I am not your cousin, or if I am I don't want to be reminded of it. I am not proud of such a relative. I saw the woman point at you, and you turned pale; but we will have her found. Our lives are not to be endangered like this for nothing."

"I may have turned pale, Lady Bellinda, for I felt the horses jump when the woman flaunted her shawl; but she was a complete stranger to me. Probably she was addressing one of the servants."

"Humph!" incredulously.

Then Lady Bellinda took the rector's arm, announcing her intention of walking back to the castle, a distance of a little over a mile, advising the others to follow her.

No damage had been done, but the marquis felt annoyed, though he scarcely knew at what. His young kinsman did not improve upon acquaintance, and the strange woman, young, handsome, and defiant-looking, who had waved her white shawl in front of the horses and frightened them, had most certainly addressed some remark to Lance Latimer.

What it was he had not distinguished, but he was determined to sift the mystery, and also to punish the woman who had put their lives in danger, and with this object in view, he sent the ladies home on foot, escorted by the rector and our hero, while he himself remained with the carriage.

"Shall I go, or stay with you, sir," asked Latimer, who had now recovered his usual calm assurance.

"Whichever you like," was the curt reply.

"Then I will remain." And he did so, leaving the field, as it seemed, to his rival, and keeping so close to the marquis that had the objectionable woman been found he must have known it. But she was not.

Tramps and gipsies had been about the neighbourhood, and this stranger who had frightened the Lamorna horses soon after they had left Beverly Chase had disappeared as suddenly as she had started up, and had not Fleming Cadbury and Walter Smith taken a short cut across the fields and plantations on their way home, thus saving almost half the distance by road, the result might have been fatal.

"Had it been so, had the marquis been killed, who would have been the heir?"

This was the question that Fleming Cadbury

asked himself as he walked on somewhat silently by the side of the little old lady who had chosen him for her escort, and the answer was dark and ominous.

Only Lance Latimer could materially benefit by his kinsman's death. True, Lady Bellinda must succeed her brother in the barony of De Wreydon, but she might have been killed also, and beyond this she was older than the marquis, and her tenure of life, at the very best, could not be a long one.

"His own life was in peril also," the rector reflected; but the plea was a weak one. A young man might escape where an older one would be killed, and in such dangerous games some risk must be taken.

Thus Fleming Cadbury, the most charitable of men, came to the conclusion that it was to Lance Latimer's interest that the marquis should die, and that the peril he and his family had been placed in looked from every point of view suspicious.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GIPSY'S WARNING.

*Lady, throw back thy golden hair,
Leave thy white brow in this dim light bare;
I will look on thy palm and look on thee,
And read the page of thy destiny.*

LADY BEVERLY was in her element. The rector had given her carte blanche with regard to expense, and she was determined that the garden-party at the rectory should be perfect in every detail. All the surroundings of the place were in her favour, for the rectory was a large, roomy house, big enough to accommodate a dozen children and a whole train of servants, while the grounds in which it stood were extensive, and seemed more so than they really were in consequence of the grand old trees which stood at the boundary of the domain, and afforded shelter to innumerable rooks who had built their nests in their topmost branches.

For days past her ladyship, with the "dear girls," had spent several hours at a time in planning decorations, in ordering workmen about, in pulling the usual arrangements of furniture and flowers to pieces, and gradually driving the rector's servants almost frantic, while their master took refuge in his study, and when out of it resigned himself to his fate.

Walter Smith had ended his visit and gone home to Stoneycroft to stay with his mother, but as the cottage and the rectory were not half a mile apart the two men still spent much of their time together.

Indeed, during the preparations for the garden-party, Mr. Cadbury went pretty frequently and made long visits to the small cottage, much to the disgust of her scheming ladyship, who among her other plans had quite arranged in her own mind that the rector was to marry one of her "dear girls." With this foregone conclusion she felt a kind of proprietorship in the rectory, and as cook indignantly declared, "just did as if the place was her own, and servants hadn't got no feelings."

The eventful day came at last. The weather was so fine that it might have been expressly ordered for the occasion. A handsome marquise had been fitted up in which flowers, fruit, ices, cakes, wine, and various refreshing compounds in the way of claret and champagne cups were to be found, while smaller tents gave shelter from the sun and were provided with light chairs and brightly-covered couches.

Under one tent was the band of the Wreydonshire Militia playing martial music and making many of the younger guests feel as though they could scarcely refrain from dancing.

Then there was croquet and badminton provided for those who cared to take part in those games, and beyond these and other amusements there was a wonderful fortune-teller in some out of the way corner of the shrubbery, though her presence there was a secret whispered from one to another and scrupulously kept from the knowledge of the host himself.

On one point Lady Beverly had not been as

successful as she desired; she had not been allowed to issue the invitations or to decide as to who should or should not be invited.

True, the rector had suggested that if she wished cards sent to any particular friend whom he had omitted he hoped she would let him know or would bring any of her friends with her, but he filled up and sent the invitations himself, thus reserving one privilege besides that of writing cheques for the cost of the entertainment.

Among the first arrivals were Mrs. Smith and her son, and Lady Beverly felt annoyed to observe the very marked attention which the host paid to these insignificant people; for, by this time, Walter had been entered in her ladyship's list as a detrimental and the "dear girls" had been strictly enjoined not to waste any time upon him.

"Yet he is so handsome," Mabel Beverly had objected with a sigh.

Whereupon her ladyship had delivered a lecture of great length, the subject being the necessity of her speedy marriage, and the crime of marrying a man who had no money. Many of the guests had arrived before the party from Lamorna Castle put in their appearance.

Lady Bellinda, Cora, and Miss Ladbroke were attended by the Marquis and Mr. Latimer, the latter on very good terms with himself, and strangely enough on a much more cordial footing with the rest of the family than he had been before.

A generous nature is always anxious to atone for anything which it feels to be unjust, and thus, after the fruitless search for the woman who had frightened the horses, Lord Lamorna felt that he had been prejudiced in his suspicions of his kinsman, and he determined to be less hasty in future.

Cora also had tried to like the man who had, until his arrival among them, been spoken of as her guardian's probable heir, and thus Lady Bellinda was the only member of the family who resolutely set her back up against him.

Perhaps Lance Latimer's most cordial and unconscious ally was Miss Ladbroke, Cora Lyster's governess until recently, and now her companion and friend, with whom—though school-room discipline was discarded—she still sometimes read and studied.

Miss Ladbroke's supreme mission in life was to be amiable and to make others so, and thus it happened that when any discordant element was present she was invariably invited to dine at her employer's table, and was sure to be placed as near the objectionable guest as possible.

Long years of practice had taught Miss Ladbroke what to do and say on such occasions, and to whom to address her remarks, and she had rescued many a dinner party from failure, and had warded off many a painful scene by her admirable and ready tact, which were often put into requisition when Lady Bellinda was in one of her aggressive moods.

Lady Beverly, as hostess, came forward gnawingly to receive the Lamorna party, though she could scarcely suppress a smile at the grotesque appearance which Lady Bellinda, in her stiff brocade, powdered hair, and high-heeled shoes, presented.

"How do you do? Isn't the weather charming? How well you are looking, Lady Bellinda. I am so glad you have come to help me to entertain and receive the people. Of course, it isn't as though it were my own party; but you would like to get in the shade, wouldn't you? and so I want you to see the improvements we have made. Augustus, my dear, just take Lady Bellinda to see the bower of roses."

Sir Augustus Beverly obediently offered his arm. Lady Bellinda fell into the trap, and the "she dragon," as the Beverly ladies called her, being thus disposed of, the rest of the programme laid down by the astute hostess proceeded without difficulty of execution.

Each of the "dear girls" had received her instructions. Edith was to devote herself to Mr. Cadbury; Mary was to engage the attention of the Marquis of Lamorna, and Mabel was told off for Mr. Latimer.

"As for Cora Lyster," her ladyship had re-

marked, when the arrangements were under discussion, "there will be plenty of men who will pay attention to her, that young Smith among the number, and I should not be sorry for something to spring up between those two; the marquis would never give his consent to such a match, and if she were to marry without it, she would never have a penny; it would be very desirable to have her out of the way if the marquis should think of marrying. Lady Belinda is not so easily disposed of, but she is rich, and her temper might induce her to take herself off."

Matters having been thus arranged for her, it was by no means wonderful that Cora Lyster should find herself talking to Walter Smith some half an hour after her arrival, and that those two should be comparatively alone, though at the best it was only being alone in a crowd. Almost daily, since that first meeting in the park, had these two seen each other, and each had silently drank of that delicious and intoxicating draught which gives so much happiness, and often, alas! entails such bitter and lifelong misery. Well might Byron write:

Oh, love! What is there in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah! why
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy
bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?"

Some of the sadness of love had already entered their young hearts, and as they walked about and took part in the gay scene, they said but little, and each carefully avoided meeting the other's eyes, for the secret which each guarded so well was getting too turbulent to be much longer repressed, and every time they met, the sense of danger became more pressing.

"I must go away," Walter Smith had said to himself only this very morning; "I shall betray myself and earn her contempt, or if she pities me, it will be worse for both of us, the marquis intends her to marry a rich man, and I have nothing but my fellowship of three hundred a year, and I shall lose even that if I marry. No, the very thought is madness, and I must get away from the sweet temptation without delay."

So he said, but despite his determination, he did not go away that day. His mother required his escort to the garden-party. His friend, the rector, would feel hurt if he went away without so much as a good-bye, and so he made for himself excuses for delay.

And then again, surely he might look upon the face of the girl he loved once more—look, as Adam might have looked back upon paradise when driven forth to return to its pleasant paths no more.

But then, thought poor Walter, ruefully, Adam was not so desolate as I, for Eve was with him in his exile. While it was because the Eve he coveted was not for him that he must go out into the world heart sick and alone.

These thoughts made him sad, and more than once, while he walked by her side, Cora heard him sigh. Impulsively—she was too childlike to have any selfish or vain purpose in what she did—Cora looked up and said:

"You are not well, Mr. Smith, or you are unhappy. What is it? You know my father has a great regard for you; if you do not care to confide in me, won't you tell him what troubles you. I am sure you have something on your mind."

For an instant he laughed bitterly, then he said:

"The marquis would think I was mad if I were to seek him to pour out my troubles into his ears, and would probably have me expelled from his presence with scant courtesy, but I am going away to-morrow, Miss Lyster."

"Going away?" echoed Cora, while her pink cheek became pale, and her big brown eyes looked at him in surprised dismay. "I thought," she added, trying to recover her usual self-command, "that you were going to stay here the whole autumn."

"I had intended to do so, but it is impossible," was the hurried reply; "but I am better away, better for my own peace of mind at any rate. I shall never forget, I do not desire to do

so, but I shall teach myself how utterly hopeless."

"Cora! Cora!" here broke in the voice of Mabel Beverly, and the confession that Walter was on the point of making came to a sudden and untimely end.

A parasol is to an Englishwoman what her fan is to a Spanish donna, and Cora, though little more than a child in years, used it now with good effect to hide her blushes and agitation as the youngest of the "dear girls" and Lance Latimer accosted her.

"Cora, we've got a real gipsy in a tent in the shrubbery, she tells such wonderful fortunes; Mr. Latimer and I are going to have ours told, and we want you and Mr. Smith to come with us. Mr. Cadbury doesn't know of her being here, so mind you don't let the cat out of the bag."

"But is it quite fair to have a fortune-teller here if Mr. Cadbury disapproves of it," asked Cora, gravely.

"We don't know that he does disapprove of it and we haven't asked him, and don't be so awfully squeamish, Cora," returned Mabel Beverly, petulantly; "but come along with us. I do wish you could make her remember that her governess is not always by her side, Mr. Smith."

Walter smiled gravely, thinking it would be well if the forward and rather slangy speaker would sometimes think her governess was within hearing, but he said nothing, and the four walked on, Latimer attaching himself to the side of Cora, and Mabel rattling along recklessly to Walter.

They reached the gaudy-coloured tent, hidden from the eyes of those who did not know its position by the thick shrubs and trees, and Mabel Beverly drew aside the curtain that covered the entrance and invited the others to enter, then she followed them, dropping the drapery behind her.

Cora had stepped into the tent first, followed by Latimer and Walter Smith, but the latter lingered to hold the curtain for Mabel Beverly, consequently the gipsy naturally took the two couples as they came before her. She was rather the typical gipsy of story books than one of those met with in real life.

Her skin is dark, it is true, but the rich blood flushed the sunburnt cheek, and though her eyes were black and large and liquid, like those of Eastern women, her crisp, wavy, curly black hair spoke rather of a negro or Mexican ancestor. But there was nothing of the African in her features.

Small, regular, and beautifully formed, there was a look of determination, almost of vindictive hardness in the gleam of her eyes and the lines of her face that made Cora Lyster instinctively shrink from even while she admired her.

For her own part the gipsy seemed to pay no particular heed to any of the party, though her big eyes had flashed wildly for one brief second when they rested upon Lance Latimer, and his cheek had paled and did not regain its colour easily from the moment of entering the tent. There was no sign of recognition between these two, however, and Cora, when she extended her white hand with a piece of gold on the palm for the woman to cross it, little dreamed that this dark-eyed creature with her crimson head-gear was the same who had frightened the horses and nearly caused a fatal accident to herself and the rest of the party.

Nor would she have thought it possible that the woman, as she held her hand in her own, could scarcely restrain the passion that almost convulsed her, or that she longed to bite and tear the little hand lying so placidly in her own, and to fly at and disfigure the fair face of the girl she erroneously believed to be her rival.

Little dreaming of the struggle that was taking place in the half-savage breast, and caring nothing about having her fortune told, for she was far too sensible to believe in the power of anyone to read the future, Cora stood carelessly enough, and getting impatient at last at the woman's silence, said:

"My hand seems very hard to read, perhaps you had better begin with someone else. Here,

Mr. Latimer, let the sybil see if your future is more easily looked into than mine."

And she was withdrawing her hand when the fortune-teller, holding it firmly, said:

"Stay! There is a mystery to begin with; the line of life is broken, but it starts again fairly until—yes, until it meets the line of the heart. Yes, yes, a deep mystery surrounds you, fair lady—a sword that you little dream of hangs over your head, and your love shall cost the man who wins it all that he holds dear—wealth, honour and fair name, liberty, and perhaps life itself shall be pay for the terrible prize. The sun shines on you to-day, but the deep blackness of night will soon follow, and woe to that other one, it will be worse for him than for you."

And the dark glowing eyes looked up at Lance Latimer as though she had thus pronounced his doom. Only for an instant, however, and then a change came over her face—a change that made it wonderfully beautiful, for Cora, in spite of her good sense, was unnerved by the terrible prophecy, and had turned to Walter Smith with an instinctive feeling of seeking protection and giving comfort against the dreadful things foretold for the man who should win her love, and in that one action, that one glance, that one clasp of the hand, her secret was told, and the gipsy saw the error which her own jealous passion had led her into. She could say nothing, however, and she was not surprised to hear Mabel Beverly remark with some anger:

"I never came near such an uncomfortable fortune-teller in my life; she isn't satisfied with saying all the horrid things she can about one's self, but she must imagine all the evil she can for the man one may mean to marry. I think you and I won't seek to read the future," with a soft glance at Latimer; "we will let it unfold itself."

And she took his arm and led him out of the tent, with Cora and Walter keeping very close to them, as though they were afraid of being left behind, or of being for one instant alone together. Scarcely had the curtain fallen behind them than the gipsy sprang to her feet in a very paroxysm of fury.

"Idiot that I am," she said, in a kind of Mexican Spanish, "my passion ruins all, but I will win him back or kill him, I will!"

The intensity with which she said this was something terrible, and at that moment the curtain of the tent was again drawn aside, and Lance Latimer, alone this time, stood before her.

(To be Continued.)

A SECRET TO IMPART.

WHEN a man confidentially draws you aside and imparts to your willing ear a secret, your self-importance is agreeably flattered. You will learn that you are the one person in the world whom he would make a participator in the magnificent secret which he has to disclose, and that he would not even dare to take you into his confidence if he were not quite convinced, from his past experience of you, that you will never breathe to a living soul—not even to your wife—a syllable of what is his intention to impart to you. This has the effect of inducing in you a willingness to receive without the slightest reservation whatever may be poured into your ear. You fancy that the individual who can be so extremely frank and ingenuous would be incapable of telling of telling falsehoods or of with malice aforethought lending himself to the dissemination of slander.

Thus, when you hear that Brown is tottering on the verge of bankruptcy: that Jones is upon the point of seeking a divorce from his wife; that Robinson never goes to bed sober; that Smith is a swindler and Green a miser, you are shocked, but believe the story. You fancy, also, that you are the confidential man's only confidant. But in reality he imparts the same story to scores of others. Possibly, if you found this out you would not reciprocate his confidence. As it is, however, you are accustomed to tell him a great deal which you would do well to

keep to yourself. Possibly you reveal to him your "family skeleton." If you do he proceeds to exhibit it to his acquaintances in general, and you suffer dearly for your folly. It may be that people learn to look askance at you, or that your credit suffers, or that some of your best friends give you the cold shoulder. If so, you may be annoyed and grieved, but it is seldom that you recognise from what source your trouble is springing. As you perceive only the effect without the cause, the likelihood is that you will go on blundering as long as the confidential man will deem it worth while to bestow attention upon you, still believing all he tells you as gospel.

THE MYSTERY OF HIS LOVE;

OR,

WHO MARRIED THEM?

By the Author of "*Christine's Revenge*," or,
O'Hara's Wife."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LAMB BOY.

Three maidens off in white I meet,
Who slowly pace each dingy street;
Their hands are stretched to help the poor,
Their blessing rests at every door;
How do you name these maidens three?
They are Faith, Hope, and Charity.

The lady passed into the Langham, and Lilius was left standing in the wet, cold street. In her hand lay the piece of silver which the lady had given her.

How was it that the coin seemed to Lilius as something precious and different to all other coins that the wide world of wealth holds? Only a piece of silver; not enough to satisfy the demands of the landlady; not enough to buy more food for the hungry child and the sick man at home for more than, say, a day and a half unless all the family should be content with dry bread and "sugarless tea," and the next day the rent was due.

Knowing all these grim facts, Lilius yet felt as if the strange lady who entered the great hotel had given her a keepsake—a love-gift, so to speak. What tender tones were in her voice; what loving dark eyes she had; what majesty was in her beauty; and Lilius felt, by a strange intuitive perception, that this interest was not wholly on her side; that the lady was drawn towards her even as she was drawn towards the lady, stranger as she was.

"I wonder who she is, and what her name is?" said the flower-girl, to herself. "I should like to know."

And she stood in the bleak wind and the thin drizzle of rain which now set in, looking into the lighted hall of the hotel, through which the lady had passed, almost as if she expected to see her come down the steps again. Her pale, wistful face, with the miserable little sodden bonnet slipping off her head, would not have attracted any superficial observer just then, for the light in the dark eyes was dull and dim through weariness and anxiety; the clear pallor of the colouring was also dimmed after several hours exposure to London smuts, and rain and winds.

"What are you standing here for, girl?" said a policeman, "you won't sell those violets to-night."

Lilius had very few left; she had not supposed that she would sell them, and she answered:

"No; I was looking to see if that lady would come again—the lady who went in just now with the old lady."

"You mean Donetta—Madame Donetta—the singing lady? What has she got to do with you?"

"She bought some of my flowers."

"Well, be off. You can't expect her to buy any more."

"I don't; but she seems such a sweet lady." And the girl sighed.

"Well, you be off," said the policeman, whose duty it was to drive away unfortunate vendors of flowers or other trifles from the doors of the great hotel. "Sweet ladies don't want to be bothered with your sort as they come in and out."

A rebellious feeling, alien to the soul of Lilius, awoke in her now, she knew not why, and urged her to strive and meet and speak to the beautiful Donetta once more.

"I fancy she could and would help me," the girl said to herself. "I am sure she would if she could. Why did she ask my name so strangely and who my father was? I am positive that she fancied she had seen me before, or that I was like somebody she remembered. I wonder if I am like my own father or my own mother, who abandoned me in my infancy, and if she knew either of them?"

Thus musing and wondering, the poor child threaded her way through Soho to Newport Market, and entered the shop of Mrs. Finch, wet almost to the skin, shivering with cold, but yet so absorbed in dreams of the unknown past and mysterious future, that her bodily discomforts sat lightly upon her.

Mrs. Finch was in the shop searching for some red herrings which a customer wanted, but which she could not find. Mrs. Finch was a lady who was occasionally guilty of drinking more rum, gin, and stout than was good for her.

When this mood was upon her, it generally lasted nearly a week. Mrs. Finch's temper, never of the gentlest, was always especially violent when she was at all stimulated; and every day she grew more vicious, more obstinate, more wicked, as she grew more and more inebriated.

By the end of the week Mrs. Finch was usually very ill. Several female gossips then came in to see her with the charitable motive of alleviating her sufferings. One would serve her customers in the shop, another would make her a cup of the strongest tea, tintured with carbonate of soda, while another would smooth the pillows under her aching head as she lay and moaned on the shabby old sofa in the little parlour behind the shop.

At last, after Mrs. Finch had had some hours sleep, she would awaken refreshed, more amiable, and with resolves that "the same should never occur again;" but adding that it was "worry as drove her to it."

Now, poor Lilius knew the moment she saw Mrs. Finch untidy, flushed, savage behind the counter that her terrible temper was gradually getting up; that by the next day, unless the rent was paid, she would be as cruel as a tigress. She shuddered, and would have passed on without a word, but the furious woman stopped her.

"I say, will you have that six shillings ready for me by two to-morrow afternoon? because if you haven't out you go, the whole lot of you, into the street. I don't care if it's raining cats and dogs, and if your old good-for-nothing father dies before the morning. My rent is what I want, not to have a pack of lazy wretches living in a widdler's rooms and taking the very bread of a hard-working woman out of her very mouth."

And Mrs. Finch groaned. The customer for herrings, who owed Mrs. Finch one-and-sixpence, which she could not pay that night, and hoped to conciliate her, groaned in concert, and loudly expressed a wish that she could find a lady as kind as Mrs. Finch who would allow her to live in a beautiful room rent free.

"But no, Mrs. Finch, ma'm, I have to pay. Nobody don't take in me and my daughter as goes out a-washing for nothing, Mrs. Finch, ma'm."

"It's only idiots as does," said Mrs. Finch. "I have been an idiot, Mrs. Stumps; but I am not going to be one after to-morrow," cried Mrs. Finch, "so now, young woman, you know what will happen to all of you if you don't pay up to-morrow."

Lilius did not speak; she could not promise the money; she had the one solitary half-crown that the lady had given her, but she must buy more coal and bread with that, or part of that. If she bought flowers in the market the next morning for one shilling, and having divided them into penny bunches, sold them for another half-crown, even supposing that she had luck, that would not be half of the six shillings that were due.

Meggy, her adopted sister, had been to say that she could not help them that week, since her mistress had ordered her to expend her weekly wages on a pair of decent boots. Lilius hurried up the stairs, entered the miserable attic, and sank down weeping on the box which served for a chair.

"Oh, what shall I do?—what shall I do?" she cried in her anguish. "Oh, how hard it seems, when I strive and strive to do the very best, and yet everybody seems to think me wicked and a cheat!"

John Martin, the sick sailor, had just dropped into a doze when the entrance of his adopted child awoke him. Charlie was not in the room; he had, childlike, slipped down the stairs and into the streets, where he was playing with some little ones of his own age in the wet and mud trying to forget the cold and hunger he was enduring.

Lilius told John Martin that she could not find the six shillings for the rent by the next day, and that Mrs. Finch threatened to turn them all out into the streets to perish if it were not forthcoming.

"Then you must go to-night to that man, the nobleman, I fear you must, my child, and ask him just for the bare six shillings—no more. Tell him you will pay him again, and tell him you love truth and goodness more than gold, but that your old father is so sick, and ask him to send his servants to see that the tale is true."

"But, father dear, I promised that other one, who bought five shillings' worth of my violets, that I would not go to the earl's house; he told me that he was a bad man, and he said, 'Mind I trust you—you have promised me that you will not go?'"

"Yes; but the man you think so good is only a flimsy pretender; he promised to come here and to do such wonderful things for us all, did he not? and you see he has not come."

"Something must have happened to prevent him," said Lilius, gravely. "I know he was good."

"Ah, my child, what can you know of men of the world? I am sorry to say most of them are bad, and this one, if he had been honourable, would have sent his servant or the lady he spoke of to see if your tale was true. No, he has just forgotten all about you. You will never see him again, don't fear it for one moment; you must go to this nobleman's house and show the card he gave you. I know heaven will protect you; you have no fine clothes, poor lamb, to set you off and put you in temptation's way, so that most likely he will only send you a little present if you send that card of his in to him."

"I suppose I must," said Lilius, weeping afresh; "but you don't know how very dreadful it seems to me, and when I promised too."

After this, Lilius lighted the solitary candle, kindled a fire, and prepared her father's tea. Charlie came in to partake of the tasteless meal. No bacon to-night, it was all gone, and Lilius could not afford any more. Only a little poor tea, a loaf, and some salt butter between all three, and none of them had broken fast since the morning. Oh, the hardships that the poor endure without complaint!

Not a murmur would have escaped the lips of either of these three, only that they were in mortal dread of being driven forth from their shelter on the following day. Lilius washed up the teacups, put little Charlie to bed, then turned with a disconsolate face towards the invalid.

"I must go, I suppose?" she said, taking out the card and looking at it. "The Earl of Peary-

than, fifteen, Carlton Gardens." "He told me to call, but I am so shabby—my boots, my old shawl, my terrible bonnet, and it is raining so—listen!"

"But it is the night he told you to call; he expects you, you know, Lilius; you are wise enough to take care of yourself. Oh! my poor little one, I wish I was well enough to come with you, and Charlie there is too small."

"Jack would come with me," said Lilius; "I will ask him; I don't like going alone."

"Jack is a good boy," said John Martin; "I am glad you thought of him. Then make haste, Lilius, my girl, it is drawing near seven o'clock; you were to be at the house before eight; it is a long way there and back."

Lilius remembered that John Martin had been very much against her going to the house of this nobleman at first, and she knew that it was the nervous illness of a man, not himself, that made him drive her forth. She looked at him and saw how ill he was, how much in need of good food and wine and warmth and careful nursing, and she felt that without these his life would soon waste away.

"I must go," she said to herself, "though how I hate to go is only known to my own heart."

Lilius bathed her pale face, arranged her hair, put on her miserable shawl with more care, then stole out of the room to the landing and called softly, "Jack." A door opened and a lad of her own age, or perhaps a couple of years older, came out of a room on the opposite side and limped into the apartment which she called home—limped, for he was lame. One leg was shrunken up and bent; the stature of the boy was low; his clothes were dingy; he wore no coat; his face was chalky white and sickly, but he had the brightest, largest, loveliest blue eyes. Where have we during the course of this story seen eyes of exactly the same shape and colour, but, oh, with how different an expression? Jack's eyes were full of love and kindness for everything that breathes.

His face was beautiful; his teeth were white and even; his smile the sweetest smile of which humanity is capable. Jack had a quantity of light, flaxen hair unbrushed. Alas! there are few fops living in such garrets as this boy occupied; he had on his slippers, and his miserable old waistcoat was buttoned across his narrow chest.

Lilius was tall and straight as a poplar tree, with her flashing dark eyes and raven hair; her beauty looked queenly by the side of the poor, pale, crippled lad. These two were allies and the best of friends, creatures both of them, noble and pure and true, despite their hunger, their misery, and their rags.

"Jack, do you know that I have only a shilling towards the rent to-morrow, and Mrs. Finch threatens to turn us all out."

"Not to-night?"

"No, to-morrow."

"Then you have had no luck with your flowers?"

"See how wet it has been, Jack, yesterday. No, not enough luck. I am asked to go to that house this evening, Jack."

And she showed the lame lad the card.

"The Earl of Penrythan," he said. "Oh, how odd; do you know?" dropping his voice to a whisper, "I have been told long ago by an old woman that the Earl of Penrythan is my father. Yes, that I am his lawful, legitimate son, that I ought to be Lord Anerly; that the lady who is called the Countess of Penrythan is, after all, not really his wife, although she believes herself to be so."

The large dark eyes of Lilius dilated in wonder.

"But you do not believe that, Jack, do you?"

"I do not know," the lame lad answered. "I do not know who my father is. All my past life is a mystery to me. I will tell you the tale the old woman told me another time. Now, if you want me to go with you to this grand house I must wash my face and hands, and put on the best coat I have—a very shabby one it is too."

"You are very kind, Jack. I knew you would not refuse to come with me."

"Refuse!" echoed Jack. "You could never think that. I am never so happy as when I am helping you."

The lad looked wistfully, and even passionately into the dark, beautiful face of Lilius. She smiled at him a kind, bright smile, in which mingled pity, gratitude and respect.

Jack then went into his own room to make some alterations in his poor toilette. Jack North was a skilful, though ill-paid, working jeweller. He lived with a bed-ridden younger brother, or at least a boy whom he had been taught to look upon as his brother, though by this time he was aware that the cripple, who had quite lost the use of his legs, was in reality no relation to him at all.

Both boys had fallen out of a window on the third floor when they were mere infants in the charge of a drunken woman—the mother of the younger one. The younger one was so injured that he had never been able to walk or stand since. Jack, the eldest, had put his hip out of joint, and through neglect and unskilful treatment his leg had shrunk; and he had never been able to use it like the other one.

This cruel accident had also stopped his growth in a great measure, for Jack would have been a tall man if it had not been for the fall. What sad hardships in early childhood the lad had endured—what privations and miseries he had suffered; may be better imagined than described; but that a great spirit dwelt in this frail tabernacle was evident to any student of humanity who came in contact with Jack. He had managed to learn to read and even to write fluently at a ragged school, then he persuaded a jeweller in Clerkenwell to teach him his trade. Now he earned fourteen shillings a week.

The mother of the younger cripple was dead, and Jack entirely supported his lame, adopted brother, to whom he was tenderly attached. This lame, poorly-clad boy, with the fair, sweet face was a hero, a martyr, and a saint—a beautiful flower growing in a murky atmosphere of vulgar meanness, ignorance, and petty vices. He had been the kindest friend to Lilius ever since their acquaintance began.

Soon he emerged from his humble room in a shabby, thin overcoat, a black cap pulled down well over his eyes, a pair of tolerable boots on his feet, and then the lad and the girl set off under the shelter of a very clumsy, old umbrella through the miserable rainy night on their way towards Carlton Gardens.

Very little conversation was possible, for the wind was high and the rain dashed into their faces, but though the way was long it was traversed in a short space of time, and soon the two shabby young figures stood under the porch of the earl's grand town mansion.

The readers who have followed the course of this story from the beginning, may wonder at the strange caprices of fate which first brought this girl and this lad together, and then bent them, linked arm in arm as friends, to seek the patronage of the Right Honourable the Earl of Penrythan.

Can the reader recollect that once the Earl—then Lord—Anerly reproached the mysterious beauty, Laurette, in that very house at Carlton Gardens with having cast his son—her son—upon the world an infant? And the infamous Laurette, with the mocking laugh of a demon, had admitted that in the City of New York she had in truth parted with her child, a boy of fifteen months, that she had given him to an old woman and asked no questions.

Lord Anerly had sworn that he had loved that child with all his heart, and he had shed tears when he had thought of his probably wretched fate. Edith, the governess at Penrythan, had believed herself to be Lady Anerly. We know enough of the antecedents of Lilius to be aware that she is the child of Edith who was married to Alfred, Lord Anerly, in the church of St. Ann at Yanwath, Ullsmere, Cumberland, by the Rev. Samuel Diplock.

Are these two then the children of the haughty, wealthy, brilliant, fashionable Earl of Penrythan? Is one his legitimate child? and

if so, which one? Was Edith his wife? or had he been married before to Laurette? or was he never really married until he led his present countess, Grace, to the holy altar?

As the story proceeds all of these questions will be answered clearly.

Lady Penrythan had not ever presented her lord with a son; three delicate little daughters were the only fruit of the marriage of Lord Anerly with Grace Biddulph.

"I feel afraid to ring the bell," said Lilius. "My heart fails me, Jack. The house is so grand and I am so shabby, I feel that I shall be out of place here. Let us turn back again."

"No, Lilius, we will not; remember your dreadful Mrs. Finch, and to-morrow she will turn you into the streets. This man is after all but a human being like ourselves, why should we be afraid of him because he wears fine clothes, lives in a great house, and is called a lord? He meant to help you in some way when he sent for you, depend upon it."

As Jack spoke he pulled the bell very loudly indeed, and then raised the knocker and sent a thundering rap through the house. Immediately the door fell back. What a blaze of light met the dazzled eyes of Lilius. What a vision of statues and flowers and rich curtain with gold fringe, drawn aside, and then two imposing men in livery appeared—magnificent creatures, tall and handsome, in blue and silver, with splendid calves and powdered wigs—well-behaved men too, not those insolent creatures often described in fiction; men calm and quiet enough to be gentlemen.

Nevertheless they looked in some astonishment at the shabby young couple. Lilius, with a little trembling hand, placed the card of the earl in the hand of one of the men. He read it. At the bottom was written in pencil in the earl's writing, "Admit bearess."

CHAPTER XX.

LILIUS AT CARLTON GARDENS.

Look through mine eyes with thine,
Let us speak heart to heart;
Oh, how my soul would twine
Around thee and never part.

"Walk in, if you please," said the footman, politely.

He looked at the same time with curiosity at the fair face, slight, boyish figure, and lame leg of Jack.

"You, too," he said; "have you a card?"

"No," said Jack, modestly yet frankly; "I only came to take care of Lilius Martin; it is not nice for a girl to be out late alone. I am her friend, almost like her brother, that is all."

"Then you had better wait," said the footman.

And he led Jack across the hall to another hall, and thence into an ante-room, where a fire burnt brightly; it was in the servant's quarter, this room.

"Sit down," said the man, placing a chair for Jack; "you can rest here."

Meanwhile the other man had conducted Lilius across the splendid front hall into a room at the back—a luxurious room, furnished in the sombre yet splendid taste of the day. The carpet, with gold-coloured flowers on dark purple ground, was of rich velvet pile; the chairs, upholstered in dark purple satin, were of ebony inlaid with gold; the cabinets were all of gold and ebony; the mirrors framed in the same.

There were some costly gems in the shape of statuettes in niches in the walls, which were coloured of a uniform soft dark grey, with a heavy gold beading at the top and bottom. On the cabinets were precious trifles in Dresden and Sevres, and several Cameos.

Lilius was sensible of an air of refinement in this room, something undefined and yet in harmony with some inner sense, some latent taste for the graceful, some admiration for the beautiful as yet undeveloped in her soul by reason of the coarse, common surroundings amid which her innocent life had been passed.

She might learn later on that coarse and common surroundings cannot stifle, though they may hinder, genius, and that a maiden may grow up as pure, as true, as noble, as saintlike in a garret as in a castle. As it was, Lilius said to herself:

"Oh, how lovely, but how abject I feel amidst all this beauty and refinement."

It seemed to her that the purple satin cushions of the couches would be soiled by the contact of her shabby old black dress, and so she did not sit down. She remained before the fire watching the flames, dancing in the low grate.

"How beautiful all this is," she said to herself again.

The door opened slowly, and there entered a tall, handsome man, with a languid air, great flashing eyes, a smile which showed his even, white teeth; he had an inscrutable look in his dark eyes. Had Lilius been older she would have read in them intelligence, poetic fancy, an uneasy, restless craving, a shade of disappointment, which would have told her that this man, the Earl of Penrythan, had a history behind him.

"Ah!" said he, pleasantly, "the little flower-girl. I was not forgetful of you, although I have a hundred things to think of every hour. Sit down."

He pointed to a seat and sank easily into one himself.

"I was sitting over my wine and half dreaming, to tell you the truth, when Lewis came and said you were here. Have you sold many flowers since, I say, you, child?" with a pleasant and glittering smile.

"No, my lord; the weather has been so wet."

"Poor child! what a sad life for you. I must try and do something for you. Have you ever been to a theatre?"

"No, my lord, never."

"Good heavens! what blissful ignorance. Well, my child, you shall go to a theatre. Should you like to learn to act?"

"Oh, yes! that is if I could earn enough to make my father comfortable."

"Ah; then you have a father?"

"Yes, my lord."

Lilius would not have allowed this nobleman to suspect that there ever had been a slur upon her mother's name for the whole world.

"And have you a mother or any other relations?"

"Only a little brother, my lord."

"Ah! my people told me you had a brother here with you to-night."

"He is only a friend."

"Ah! ha! a sweetheart, is he?"

"Oh! no, no, no, my lord; poor Jack is lame and not much older than I am."

"Ah, well," said the earl, languidly, "poor Jack shall have a glass of wine and you also. Look at me. What is your name?"

"Lilius."

"I have heard that name before," he muttered to himself. Then looking up: "Lilius what?"

"Martin," she said, firmly.

"Martin! I know an artist whose Christian name is Martin—Martin Vaughan. Have you heard of him?"

"I think not, my lord."

"Poor child, you have heard nothing. I suppose you have never been into a picture gallery in your life?"

"No, my lord."

"So that you have been shut away from all the most beautiful things in the world. Should you not like to become a great actress and to live in a room something like this, and have servants to wait on you, and beautiful dresses and all sorts of things?"

"Oh, yes, my lord, if I could earn them," she answered, earnestly, clasping her hands.

The dark, handsome earl frowned a little. "Earn, my good child, you won't earn of course at first. You will have to learn how to act; but while you are learning you shall have pretty rooms and money and so on."

"But suppose I was never able to repay it all, my lord," the little maiden said, wistfully.

"Oh, well, my guileless child," returned the gay earl, with a laugh, "you would have a very lenient creditor—myself. You don't think I would put you into prison, do you?"

"But I should not like to owe you all that money, my lord, I should be miserable."

"Why, hang it all, are you so guileless?"

He stared boldly into her beautiful eyes.

"Do you mean that you set up in the pious flower-girl style? Are you Saint Lilius? Ha! ha! Come, child, be frank with me. Why did you suppose that I sent for you here? Tell me!"

Lilius was blushing now crimson with shame and humiliation; great tears stood in her lovely eyes; her distress and terror were so palpable that the man of the world was touched.

"My dear good child, don't be afraid. I swear that I respect you immensely, and your father and little brother, and all the worthy family. I really would not alarm you for the world. You are a sweet little thing, and I never saw such glorious eyes in all my life; they are splendid; don't cry. I think you would make a lovely model. Now, there is an artist who would be enchanted if you would give him a sitting, so should I when the picture is finished. I shall give him a hundred pounds for it, and hang it up in this, my own study, and then you shall have a guinea for every time you give my friend a sitting. Will that do?"

"Oh, yes, my lord; it is more than I dared to dream of. I want money so much for my poor father's sake, but I would rather do some honest hard work if I could. Oh, do help me to find some, my lord, I entreat you."

"My dear, good, beautiful child, honest hard work will leave you where you are, in rags. Escape me, this world is a very cruel one to the industrious poor. Oh, I am as sorry as you are, upon my soul. I can't help you to hard work. I think you can't do better than become a model at a guinea a day. You may put your father then in comfortable country lodgings, and buy some pretty dresses for yourself; and a lady that I know will take some nice rooms for you, where you can live alone and be well waited on."

"It sounds delightful," said Lilius to herself. "If I could trust, but how can I trust, when perhaps something wicked lurks behind all this. It is like a tale I read once of a girl who was warned in a dream not to enter a certain garden, because all the fruits that grew in it were poisonous; but when she saw the garden, the blossoms, and the fruits, it seemed so lovely that she fancied she might enter and rest under the shade of the trees, and she did so, and there she met youths and maidens who sat heartily of the luscious ruby cherries and yellow apricots and purple plums, and laughed and danced afterwards, and sang and seemed so gay; but yet, though the girl was athirst, she would not pluck of the fruits, for she was still afraid. When the sun went down the gay youths and maidens began to writhe in horrible death pangs, for by that time the poison had taken effect. When the moon came out she shone on rigid, pallid corpses stretched on the grassy lawns under the trees, and the girl escaped shuddering and weeping. I am almost sure that the pleasant life this great nobleman offers me is like that dream garden," thought Lilius, "filled with poisonous fruits; but how true it is that the world is hard and cruel to the honest and striving."

"Well, will you be a model," said the earl; "make up your mind at once, here is a guinea to begin with. You must costume, and then my friend will come in here and make a sketch of you, and to-morrow come early in the morning and sit for him. I think you would make a magnificent Virginia sitting at the door of a house under a wide-spreading chestnut, robed as a Roman vestal. You shall have another guinea in the morning."

"Oh, my lord, it is too much," said Lilius, bursting into tears. "I only want to pay Mrs. Finch to-morrow if I could; I owe six shillings, and she says she will turn us all into the streets."

"Confound Mrs. Finch," interrupted the great noble, testily. "My good girl, you have beautiful eyes; but you will find as you grow older and wiser that the weeping tactics are not amusing out of a Sunday school story-book. I don't want to hear anything at all about your father, or your interesting little brother, or your Mrs. Finch. Here are two guineas, two sovereigns, and two shillings, quite enough to pay six shillings with, and to leave you something in hand. Your face is really worth a guinea a day to any clever painter, so that if you give your time you are not selling your soul to perdition, as the clergymen call it. Take some wine."

He went to a curious old-fashioned looking cabinet of black carved oak, and brought out two long-necked glass bottles of exquisite make. They contained a rich amber-coloured wine.

"This is prime sauterne," said the earl; "but still I think good old port would do you more good."

He went again to the cabinet, and brought out a bottle of port; he filled a large glass and handed it to Lilius.

"Drink," he said, "it will warm and cheer you, and I have some French cakes in there, such as young folks of your age love better than batteries and fine ribbons after all, for I suppose you are not more than sixteen years."

"No, my lord."

She ate the cake and drank the wine. Her slender fingers had closed over the coins of gold and silver tightly; and she rejoiced in the possession of so much comfort for those at home.

"I can take care of myself," she said to her own heart. "There is, after all, no harm in being a model."

The earl stood upon the hearthrug of white fur, and watched every change in the girl's face.

"By George, if she were dressed she would be the queen of the season, this sensitive, Sunday school child," he said to himself.

And as he watched the colour steal into the clear brunette cheek as the wine warmed and cheered the maiden's heart, he said to himself that this was a being of infinite possibilities; that as her beauty ripened and matured, she would be a very goddess in style and splendour of colouring, the fashion, the rage, a woman for whose smiles even princes might contend, whose photographs would be sold everywhere, whose equipage should be the most tasteful and superb in the park; her name is Martin; but she must be known by a more sounding title, with her rich Spanish colouring. Why should she not have a Spanish name—Madame Inez? Ah!

Just at this juncture came an imperious tap on the door. The earl stifled an oath which rose to his lips; he knew whose hand struck the panel of his door so vehemently; it was not his wife's, the gentle countess would never have dreamed of daring to intrude uninvited in her lord's private room. No, it was another woman's hand.

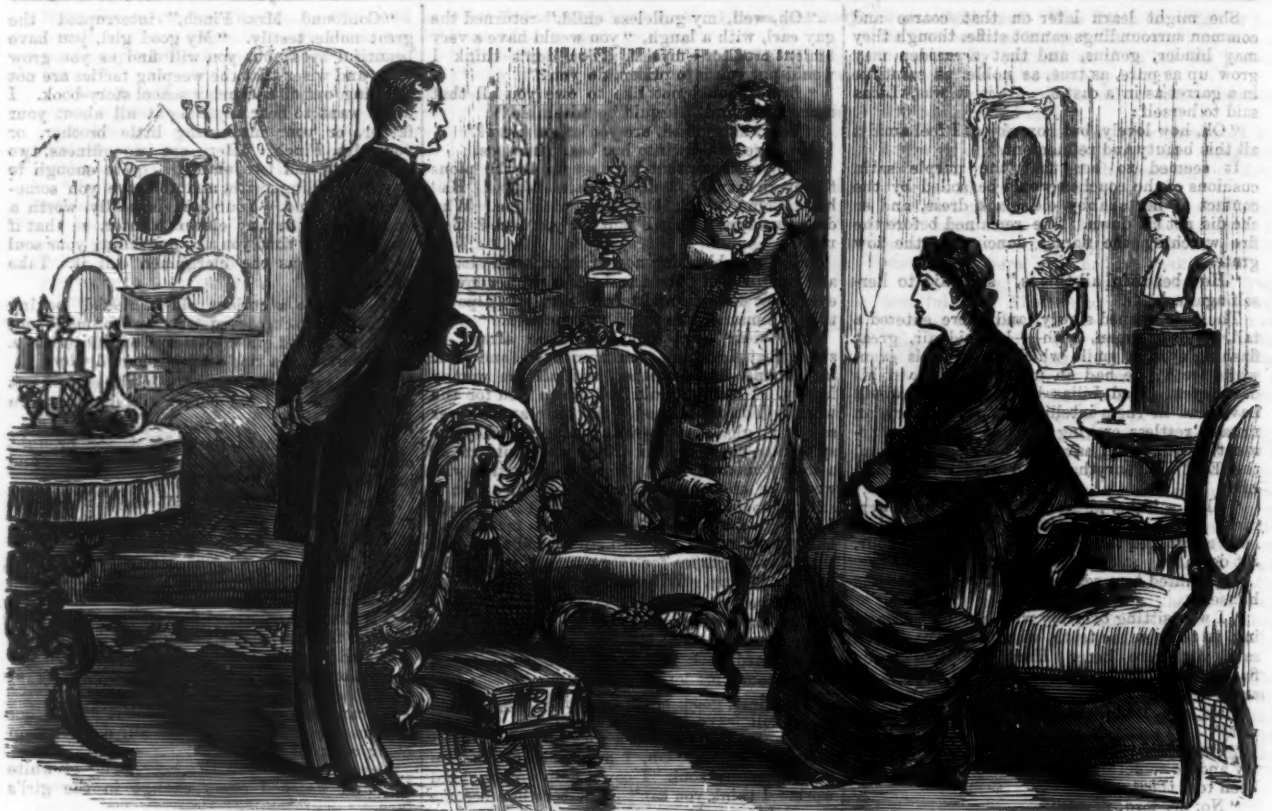
The next moment, without at all waiting for permission to enter, Lady Overbury came boldly into the room, and stood staring furiously at the Earl of Penrythan.

"An unexpected honour," he said, with a little nervous, angry laugh.

Ah! just sixteen years ago that man and that woman had stood together in that very room on the night before the Earl—then Lord—Anerly married Grace Biddulph. Then the man had adored the woman, and the woman, in the pride of her youthful cruel beauty, had scorned and defied the man. It is not always true that a blind, slavish passion is eternal.

Several years had passed now since the love of Alfred for Laurette had become a dead thing—a mockery; and as the days went on indifference was actually becoming hatred. Laurette was still a handsome woman, but the charm of her youth had fled, and had not left an equivalent.

There was no softened grace, no matronly sweetness, nothing that made life seem holier



[A TIMELY INTERVENTION.]

and love more sacred than in the days of youth. No, it was Grace, the Countess, who had gained power, and who had grown fairer and brighter in the eyes of her lord as the years went on. At present, the Earl of Penrythan was a very vain and fashionable roué, but it is not too much to say that after all what heart he had was given to Grace, his wife.

For Lady Overbury he entertained a strong dislike coupled with fear.

"Bah! how stout she grows," he said to himself. "These blonde women wear badly sometimes after forty."

Lady Overbury was costumed in the richest Lyons velvet of royal purple colour. She had thrown her great fur mantle on a chair; her blonde hair, the glory of her youth, was artistically arranged; she wore a priceless scarf of old Mechlin lace, fastened with a diamond as large as a pigeon's egg set in pearls.

"I am going to the opera," she said in commanding tones; "my carriage is at the door. I called for you."

"I cannot come."

Lady Overbury darted a terrible, murderous look at the shrinking little beauty.

"Who is this ragged wretch?" she asked, coarsely.

"Her rage," said the earl, with a dangerous smile, "are the garments of her innocence. She is one of Holdsworth's models."

"She is coarse and ugly."

He shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"Tastes differ," he said.

"Girl," said Lady Overbury, looking viciously at Lillias, "this man wants to make you something vile and shameful to be spoken of before respectable people. Do you know that he is married?"

Lord Penrythan's mocking laugh rang through the room.

"Do you insinuate, Lady Overbury, that this poor little child wishes to become Countess of Penrythan? I have a wife, Miss Martin, a true and noble one."

He darted a look of wrath at Lady Overbury.

"Are you coming to the opera?" pursued Lady Overbury, turning with a dogged and deadly resolve in her blue eyes towards the earl. "You had better come."

He started as though he had been stung; the tone of command this woman used was simply maddening.

"No, I shall not to-night."

"You will not? By heaven, if you don't your wife shall know as much as I know."

Her Satanic laugh made Lillias shudder.

"Confound you!" muttered the earl.

She went up to him and whispered in his ear. He turned round and smiled kindly, though in an absent fashion, on Lillias.

"You see this lady is imperative; I must humour her. You know—to-morrow?"

Lillias bowed her head. Lady Overbury turned round swiftly and furiously, and stared at her with murderous eyes. She opened her lips as if about to speak, but she said nothing, she only went up to the earl and put her arm through his as if he belonged to her, and she said to him:

"Turn her out, and make haste yourself. Lewis has your hat and coat in the hall. I told him that you would come with me."

The earl turned to Lillias, and he rang a bell.

"A servant will come and show you out," he said. "You and your friend."

Now it happened as Lady Overbury, leaning on the arm of the Earl of Penrythan, crossed that noble hall, where the white statues gleamed amid the flowers, that lame Jack, with the shabby garments, and blonde hair, and fair, sweet boyish face, came out and stood in their way; his eyes were filled with a yearning and wistful curiosity which took him out of himself.

Was this great man his father—was he? And it came to pass that the earl stopped and stared at Jack wonder-stricken and mute. Something in the boy's face carried him back to the far away years when he had first loved Laurette with a mad, boyish, unreasonable love.

That boy, how like what she had been. The earl was constantly looking into the faces of lads whom he met in the street seeking for what he had never found till now—his lost son. And now how could he be sure that he had found him? It might be only a chance likeness after all.

"Where do you live? What is your name?" said the earl, abruptly, to Jack.

Jack bowed, and named his street, and the name he went by, and said that he was a working jeweller.

"You live in the same house with Lillias Martin?" said the earl.

"Yes, my lord."

The earl made a mental note of all this. "Strange," he said to himself. "I shall find out something about that boy."

Laurette saw nothing; her heart was so stony that if she had known Jack to be her child it would not have beaten one throb the faster; she would only have striven to have him put out of her way in some speedy fashion.

This wretch never gave a thought or a memory to the child she had abandoned so ruthlessly. Lillias came trembling into the hall, joined Jack, and they walked through the rain talking but little. They parted with kind good nights on the landing, and that night Lillias slept well.

Her mind was easy about Mrs. Finch and the rent for a fortnight hence, and still she had money to buy food for those she loved. She was up betimes alert and cheerful, and sent Charile to bring some rashers and eggs for breakfast. After breakfast she put everything in order.

"Now I will go and pay Mrs. Finch," said Lillias.

At that moment came a loud rap on the door.

"Come in," said Lillias.

And there entered a neatly dressed, pale woman who looked very strangely at Lillias.

"I come on a very unpleasant errand," she said.

(To be Continued.)



[THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL.]

PRINCE NAPOLEON EUGENE BONAPARTE.

(BORN MARCH 1856, SLAIN IN ZULULAND
JUNE 1, 1879, IN HIS 24TH YEAR.)

How can we more appropriately head this brief record than by quoting the words that fell from the eloquent lips of Dean Stanley, in the time-honoured Abbey of Westminster, on Sunday, the 22nd of June: "The shock of a tragical event has come to remind us how in the service of their country sailors and soldiers bear one heart and soul. Many and strange are the memories which crowd on the mind as we hear that fighting under the British flag, the Prince Imperial of France has passed away!" The preacher then feelingly sketched the prominent events of the Prince's chequered career, down to the recent time when "we learned of his wish to share the toils and dangers of his comrades in South Africa—that Africa which has been so strangely associated with St. Helena, the place of the exile and death of his uncle. All is now over; all the hopes and fears of those to whom his existence was the rallying point of all the memories which gathered round the Imperial name. It might also be said that all these hopes and aspirations, that this name, at which the world grew pale, has sunk beyond foreign seas to point a moral or adorn a tale."

"This is not the place, nor is this the time to dwell upon the wider range of politics, nor to speak of the fortunes of the family of Napoleon. At these moments, when the lifeless remains of the young prince are travelling across the sea, we had best fix our thoughts on the spirit which has gone to God who gave it, and on her who now sits solitary, who once was great among the nations. He is gone, and he has left a stainless name behind, honoured and respected even by his adversaries. To his comrades and to you English boys he has left the best of legacies, the example of a faithful and earnest friend, the example of a pure life and of clean lips, as I have been told by one who knew him well. To the country that sheltered him he gave what he could—his services and his life. To him it was permitted to die a soldier's death, which was denied to his father and to his uncle, and he has been spared lifelong struggles and temptations, the thought of which drew tears of anguish from his father as he was standing over his baby couch."

"For her who now survives is there not a tender sympathy which is good for us, whatever may be our judgment on her career? Much people and of many lands are with her as she awaits the coming of these remains—much people both of France and England, princely, noble, and humble. Let us all remember that he was the only son of his mother, and she is a widow."

With this pathetic prelude, we shall now take a retrospect of the career of the lamented original of the portrait which heads our memoir.

Napoléon Eugène Louis Jean Joseph Bonaparte (everyone of the baptismal names contains a volume of history) was born at the Palace of the Tuileries, on the 16th of March, 1856. His birth was heralded by the roar of cannon one hundred and one times repeated, announcing to France that a heir was given to the Imperial purple and the throne of the Third Napoleon.

On the first day of June, 1879, the orphan son of an exiled widow—that same young prince, full of hope and military ardour—fell in a nameless skirmish, in a paltry ambushade, pierced with eighteen stabs by the assegais of lurking African savages!

At the time of the young prince's birth, the Second Empire was at "the topmost round of fortune's ladder," in the full blaze of its splendour, and his father, the Third Napoleon, seemed securely seated on the throne, as not only ruler of France, but as the arbiter of Europe. The French armies, side by side with those of England and Sardinia, had checked and humbled mighty Russia, and apparently rehabilitated decaying Turkey, destroyed Sebastopol, limited Russian naval supremacy in the Black Sea, and thrust the Northern invader back behind the Pruth.

One month after the birth of the Prince, whose death forms so sad an episode in the slaughters and surprises of the Zulu War, the Congress of Paris, whereto were assembled all the State dignitaries of Europe, signed the Treaty, since so audaciously violated by Russia. Soon after this Treaty, which placed the prestige of the Empire on a higher pedestal than ever, the Czar addressed the French Emperor as "Monsieur mon Frère," and the erewhile exile was received as an honoured guest at the Court of Queen Victoria, riding in triumphant progress through that London where he had for years lived an obscure and discredited refugee. But it is with the youth and early days of the Prince—whose embalmed corpse, rescued from the trampled stalks of an African maize field, is now on its way to the little chapel at Chislehurst—we have now to do.

The son of Louis Napoleon and of Eugénie de Guzman was somewhat delicate in his early years, and consequently the object of the most sedulous maternal care. He had an ardent spirit, tempered by affectionate docility, and, for a child, remarkable aptitude for instruction, combined with general good sense. Some of these good qualities may be fairly attributed to the excellent English lady who superintended his early education.

No sooner was the period of childhood passed than, as might have been expected of a Bonaparte, the time of the youth was dedicated to studies all tending towards the mastery of the art of war. The little Prince Imperial was enrolled in the army of France, and almost as soon as he could walk, wore the uniform of the Garde Impériale. While the education of his mind and heart was carefully watched over by the most amiable and affectionate of mothers, the formation of the character of the future soldier, commander, and probable Imperial ruler of chivalrous France, was guided by a sagacious and worldly-experienced father. General Frossard, a gallant and accomplished soldier, was his military preceptor; his teacher in science was Dr. Conneau, whose share in the liberation of his father from his imprisonment in the Castle of Ham is a matter of history. The son of Dr. Conneau, too, was the Prince's chosen playmate.

The rosy days of childhood were indeed a jeunesse dorée for the heir apparent of the Emperor. At six years he was ceremoniously invested with the rank, uniform, and accoutrements of a corporal in the Imperial Guard, recalling to those who remembered and those who did not remember the original, the term of military endearment applied by the "old moustaches" to the first and most illustrious bearer of the title, the great founder of the dynasty, of "Le Petit Caporal." Then, again, the boy-prince, attired in gold and green and jack-boots

as a "grand veneur," hunted in the forest of Fontainebleau; was in at the death of the stag, and assisted in the solemn torch-light corvée, after the Imperial fashion, initiated from the court pageants of the Grand Monarque and of Louis Quinze. Thus gaily went the pomp and festivities of a luxurious and a spendthrift court. Roger Merrimée has given us a vivid story of these shortlived junketings, of the champagne suppers, and the precocious performances of the Prince and his youthful companions, under the too-indulgent paternal patronage of the saturnine man of December.

But too soon, as were all the events of the career of this Imperial child of fortune and misfortune, these "merry meetings" were to be changed "for war's stern alarms." Scarcely had he attained the age of fourteen when the dark and fatal thundercloud, for years gathering on the German frontier of Alsace and Lorraine, burst, not without defiance and provocation, upon Imperial France. The year 1870 was yet young when the mighty hosts, directed by the genius of Von Moltke, Von Boon, and Bismarck, Steinmetz and the Red Prince, and led by the veteran soldier King of Prussia, the now-octogenarian Emperor of united Germany, assembled, and soon after swept in a tempest of steel and fire over the eastern boundary of beautiful but ill-prepared France. The reign of sumptuous pleasure was at an end. The Emperor of the French quitted Paris, amidst cries of "à Berlin!" from an excited populace, never to return.

"I take my son with me," said the parting proclamation of the Emperor, "notwithstanding his tender age. The life of camps is fitted for youth; but with the name he bears he cannot be absent from my side." Vain words, vain hopes! The boy-prince, in the uniform of a sub-lieutenant, took part in the campaign to the east of Metz, and in July and August won all true French hearts by his modesty and coolness, and a courage not to be expected from one of his tender years. Many will recollect the sensational stories of his baptism de feu at Saarbrück, and the well-vouched-for anecdote of his picking up a spent ball which had fallen near him. Even if these minutiae were exaggerations, no one can doubt that he exhibited the sang-froid which is a heritage of his family.

Soon came the crushing defeats of Wörth, of Weissenburg, the rout of Macmahon, the slaughter at Gravelotte, the investment of Metz, and the tide of Teuton conquest swept resistless over the fair plains of France. Then there was a scattered resistance, gallant though fruitless, and war was no longer a promenade for holiday soldiering. The Prince Imperial was sent back to sickle Paris, already deserting in soul, spirit, and fit-weather-loyalty from the falling Imperial House and the Empress-regent. Sedan and surrender followed. The Empress and her son fled from Paris; siege, the flames of anarchy, communism and revolution, and the captivity of Louis Napoleon at Wilhelmshöhe were the sad sequel.

But we are not now writing history or politics. The amiable Empress and her gallant son fled to England, and there, to the calm seclusion of Chislehurst, the disgraced captive and father in due time came. It is a just pride for Englishmen that neither cause, country, politics, or party can affect their hospitable sympathy for greatness in misfortune. The respect with which the fallen Emperor was received, the affectionate admiration for his estimable, graceful, and pious consort, and the warm welcome of his gallant son, were in accordance with the general feeling; and when the young Prince was entered as a cadet at our own Woolwich School of Artillery, Englishmen were pleased when a Bonaparte graduated in this College and passed a most creditable military examination.

Although the death of his father prevented the Prince's attendance at the examination of 1873, yet in the following year he joined the first class of students who are candidates for commissions in the Engineers and Artillery, and with these, among thirty-four to be designated, in February, 1875, the Prince stood seventh,

with 35,615 marks of proficiency. Special commendation was given to the Prince's acquirements in artillery, mathematics, history, and military drawing, and the governor of the Academy bore testimony to his uniform good conduct, application and moral character. The commission to which he was thus entitled, it appears, declined, owing to the advice of some of the leading adherents of the Imperial cause, who considered that by formally entering the British army some Frenchmen, at a future day, might use the fact to the Prince's prejudice. A few months afterwards, however, the Prince, regretting this step, applied for a commission in the Artillery. This was refused, in consequence of some regulations of etiquette, so that the Prince never bore any recognised military rank.

From this period the Imperial Prince became naturalised and affiliated to England, hence the shock, the sorrow, and the almost indignant feeling that "somebody had blundered," when the melancholy and startling news of his cruel death in a savage ambushade arrived. The studies of the Prince at Woolwich, with the friendships he there formed, are said to have been the moving causes of his setting forth on this ill-starred expedition. We must, however, here pause to note that it was while pursuing these studies that in 1872 they were interrupted by the death of his father, an event which drew yet closer, if possible, his relations with his now doubly bereaved mother. The funeral was remarkable as a demonstration of sympathy closing a life of adventure, splendour, and adversity. Hundreds of adherents of the Imperial cause, and thousands who cared not for politics or dynasties, assembled in England and in France, bowed their heads and took part in religious services on the day of the funeral. The chief mourner, the young Prince, his face pallid with grief, and wearing over his mourning the cross of the Legion of Honour, was the "observed of all observers," and nearly recognised as the future heir of the Imperial throne, when the Republic, its founders and supporters, should pass away amid the changes and vicissitudes of France and her people.

After the customary period of mourning the Prince returned to his studies at Woolwich, strengthening and deepening every day the attachment and friendship of his comrades and fellow students, and earning the approval and commendation of his preceptors, among whom may be reckoned General Sir Lintorn Simmonds, of European and Asiatic fame.

The last occasion on which the writer of this sketch had the pleasure of seeing the Prince in public was when he attended as an invited guest at the annual dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, at Willis's, in King Street, St. James's, on the 5th of May, 1875, presided over by the Marquis of Salisbury. The young Prince returned thanks for the toast of "the Visitors," in a speech replete with good wishes towards his "dear English friends," feelingly referring to his father's respect and attachment to this country, and declaring his hopes, that whatever future he might have the two foremost countries in civilisation might ever remain in happy alliance—an alliance which would ever be his happiness and pride from sentiments of heartfelt gratitude and goodwill for the hospitality and generous welcome he had experienced here. The Prince spoke with an open and unaffected candour and modesty which favourably impressed his hearers, and elicited hearty applause.

In February of the present year the tidings of the first disasters of the British arms in Africa reached this country, and the Prince at once determined to go out to share the fortunes and perils of "his comrades in arms," as he himself expressed it, in "this war of civilisation against barbarism." This resolution is said to have been taken without consultation with his friends in France, though approved by his adherents here. On the 27th of February he accordingly embarked on board the "Danube," at Southampton, amidst hearty expressions of good will from the crowds who had assembled to witness his departure. He was accompanied on

shipboard by the Empress, who then parted with her son for ever.

On his arrival he was enthusiastically welcomed, but an attack of fever for a time prevented his joining the expeditionary army.

In the month of May the Prince joined Lord Chelmsford's headquarters, and a few days after was attached to the column of General Wood. From this time we find brief notices of the zeal and activity of the young volunteer by each succeeding mail.

From Lindmann's Drift, May 25, in announcing the impending advance of General Wood's column, we are told "the Prince has been out several times with reconnoitring parties, on the Blood River and towards Koppe Allein. The absence of a formally appointed chief of the staff is keenly felt, causing lamentable jealousy and friction between Lord Chelmsford's advisers and the various arms of the force."

This is not the place for censure of the military authorities conducting a distant and difficult war, but one cannot help perceiving in the short passage we have quoted, another instance of the deplorable lack of supervision by which the youthful holder of a life surrounded by such hopes and bearing promise of a great future, was allowed, notwithstanding his personal bravery, to peril and lose that life in an ambushade, or in rash hand-to-hand encounters with a wily and savage enemy of whose tactics of surprising small parties with overwhelming numbers and most deadly close-quarter weapons, we have already too fatally experienced at Isandula, Zibani, on the Tugela, the Intombi, and a hundred lesser occasions, when the crafty, fierce and desperate Zulus have "washed their spears" in the best blood of our over-venturous and too-confident soldiers. Again we read:

"Last Tuesday, May 22, Harrison, Carey, Bellington and Prince Napoleon, with 25 mounted Basutos, rode towards Inyazane and attacked a kraal held by sixty Zulus. The Basutos at first failed, but were rallied, and we captured the position and seven horses without loss, killing two of the enemy and wounding five. The Prince behaved bravely almost to madness." ("Daily Telegraph," June 16.)

Nevertheless, and though this paragraph is immediately followed by a minute detail of the visit of General Marshall's cavalry to the field of carnage at Isandula, of the burial of Colonel Durnford's decomposed remains, while "the Carbineers interred most of their comrades' bones, of the police-levies, and other victims of the Zulu assault," no British officer seems to have exercised the slightest care or control over the safety of that precious life which might, by the chivalry of courtesy, have been regarded in a great measure as in the care and guardianship of the elder and superior officers of the force to which he was attached. But that care was not exercised, and we cannot acquit ourselves of at least neglect in the deplorable catastrophe, an opinion in which we are confirmed by two of our leading military journals.

On the morning of Whit-Sunday, the first of June, the Prince, "always anxious to be actively employed," joined Lieutenant Carey, of the 96th, who was starting with six troopers of Bettington's horse, and a friendly (?) Kaffir, on a reconnoitring expedition in the direction of Inyoyani. Ten miles in advance of this place (the despatch is dated from General Newdegate's headquarters, Heleni Hill), the small party reached a kraal (deserted), about two miles on the hither side of the Inshallame Mountain. Here the whole party, off-saddled, and rested in a meadow field for nearly an hour. As they were in the act of re-saddling their horses to return, Lieutenant Carey suddenly exclaimed that he saw the black faces of Zulus peering from among the maize stalks all round. The Prince, looking round, said, "I see them too." All leaped upon their horses, when finding themselves discovered, the ambushed Zulus at once poured in a volley of musketry, while the nearer ones, flourishing their spears, rushed forth on all sides from the tall maize.

"Three hundred yards distant was a donga (gully or deep cutting), and Carey, who narrated the story to me, says, that following two of

Bettington's Horse, he arrived safely across the donga, and on looking back saw the Prince's riderless horse close upon him. The Prince must have fallen off close to the kral. Two of Bettington's men were also killed. To-night a large force of mounted men will leave the camp to endeavour to recover the body." This brief and soldierly account, penned from the spot and on the fatal day, can scarcely be added to. We shall not dwell on its suggestions of imprudence in the choice of a view-obstructed ground for off-saddling, or in the act of off-saddling itself, in the too probable neighbourhood of an active and vigilant enemy, and the neglect of placing even a solitary look-out man or scout. These are alike vain regrets or censures in presence of the deplorable results. All will agree with what follows:

"Great sorrow prevails throughout the camp, and the headquarters are blamed for allowing the Prince to go out with so small a force. It was natural he should like to go, but he ought to have been perceptibly stopped from running into such unnecessary danger. The spot where the Prince was killed is within four miles of General Wood's force, which is now encamped five miles distant on our west flank."

"**INTERVIEW, June 2nd.**—At seven this morning General Marshall took two squadrons of Lancers and one of Dragon Guards, arriving at nine o'clock at the kral near which the surprise took place. They found the body of the Prince lying in the cutting, stripped of everything save a medal, necklet, and locket. He had seventeen assegai wounds in the body and one through the left eye. The wounds were all in front, showing that the unfortunate young soldier had turned on his pursuers to sell his life as dearly as possible."

From another account, derived from a surviving trooper, it appears "that when the alarm was given, the Prince, in the act of mounting, grasped his saddle-flap, which, tearing in his hand, threw him backward. His horse escaped his hold, and instantly the Zulus pursued him, as he followed his escaping comrades on foot. Overtaken near the donga, he turned and was instantly slain, with the two men of Bettington's Horse, who were found close by, one in the rear and the other on his right hand. One of the Basuto horsemen is missing."

A soldier's litter was improvised, a tent blanket and four lances of the cavalry; on this was placed the stark and blood-stained corpse, and borne by General Marshall, Colonel Drury-Lowe, Major Stewart, and officers of the 17th Lancers, the mournful procession returned to camp. Next day the body was carefully embalmed and prepared for transport home, or rather to the widowed home of his exiled and bereaved mother.

Our story is told. The Eagle of the house of Napoleon, the hopes of the Imperialists, and of a restoration are humbled in the dust; and though there still remains the democrat Prince Napoleon Jerome ("Plon-Plon") and his son, the Prince Victor (in whose favour it is stated that the deceased Prince has left a will), the ardent loyalty of the Bonapartists can hardly be transferred. Thus the possibility of the return of the Empire lies yet more and more among the fading shadows of the future. H. D. M.

THE DEVOTION OF THE BATTLE.

FIELD.

WAR with all its horrors has its brighter side. The noblest traits of human character are often developed upon the field of battle. A writer, in narrating some of the touching incidents of the Afghan war, speaks of seeing a Sepoy carrying water to moisten the flowers on the grave of Wigram Battye, a hero whose praises were on every tongue. "The whole regiment," said the simple soldier, "weeps for Battye." The regiment would have died to a man rather than harm should befall Battye." It is devo-

tion like this, and the display of the admirable qualities which elicit it, that constitute the redeeming features of a field of horrors.

CECILE'S DELUSION.

"Now, little sister, you are all right. You won't have to change till you get to London. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. Take good care of father while I am gone."

"Yes, I'll be sure to do that."

It was a pleasant young face which watched the tall, manly young fellow, as he turned away from the door to admit an entering group, and smiling back at Milly as much as to say, "See what nice company you are to have."

It was a first-class carriage, and the three new-comers and the young girl were its only occupants.

The gentleman was tall and distinguished-looking, and though a few scattered threads of silver showed among his crisp, brown locks, he did not look over thirty, and Milly found herself wondering what his relationship was to the young lady about whom he was evidently very solicitous—arranging her wraps, and sheltering her from the draft in such a way as to suggest that she was an invalid.

And, indeed, her transparent skin and wonderfully bright eyes, with the network of blue veins so plainly visible on her temples, told the same story.

The third person was a respectable, comfortable-looking woman, whom our observant little country girl was also at a loss to place, but who was, as she soon learned, a nurse.

It was Milly's first entrance into that wide, charmed world beyond the immediate precincts of home, and she was prepared to find everything wonderful and strange. She was on her way to visit Mrs. Archibald Wyeth, and was to spend the winter with her.

After her first comprehensive glance at the party of strangers, she paid no more attention to them, but changing her position so as to face the window, sat with her book lying neglected in her lap, perusing instead the vast volume of Nature, changing like a kaleidoscope before her eyes as the train flew on.

Suddenly two clinging arms were thrown about her neck and her face was covered by a shower of kisses.

"Ah, Lilly," murmured a sweet childish voice, "I have found you at last! God is good! I knew He would give you back to me!"

"Do not be alarmed, young lady," and Milly knew that the rich, deep voice must belong to the gentleman. "My ward has lost her twin-reason. But she is as gentle and loving as a little child; she will not hurt you."

"Come, Miss Cecile," said the nurse, and she took her hand to lead her away; but Cecile turned a pleading face toward Milly, who could not resist it, although slightly startled at the knowledge of her malady.

"Let her stay by me," she said; and arranging a seat, so that it faced toward her own, she motioned Cecile to it, and commenced talking to her in a rapid way, thus striving to conquer her strange feelings under the fixed, rapt gaze with which the girl regarded her, and which, spite of her endeavours, made her young blood run cold in her veins.

After a time Cecile became tired, and the nurse arranged an impromptu couch for her, and she was soon asleep, looking so fair and fragile as her golden head lay back among the cushions that Milly involuntarily leaned over and kissed her.

"It is the first time the sweet young lady has closed her eyes since four o'clock this morning. The doctor says if she could only sleep better her brain might right itself."

"Then she is not incurable?"

"No." This time it was the gentleman's voice. "It is only a temporary derangement,

and as this is the first time she has mentioned her sister's name since the accident I augur favourable results from it. If you were only to be for a time where she could see you. Will you pardon me if I ask you how far your journey extends? Here is my card."

Milly glanced at it mechanically; not because she feared that he was an adventurer; no, she was as sure when she saw him enter the carriage and admitted him secretly with all her heart—that he was a gentleman, as when she read:

Sir ROGER HARWORTH,

Millbank Terrace, London.

"I am going to London," she said; and continued, with girlish frankness: "It is my first visit away from home. I live on a farm, and it seems too pleasant to be true that I am to see that great, splendid city."

Sir Roger smiled.

"We too, are on our way there, and I hope we may become so well acquainted on the journey that at its end my poor Cecile may still have the pleasure of occasionally seeing you."

"I hope so, too," said Milly, simply.

Through the two days' tedious, to some, but an enchanted trip to Milly, she devoted herself to the stricken girl, and it was interesting to see the gradual improvement in her condition.

When they reached London she could only be pacified in separating from Milly by her guardian's promise that he would bring her the next day to call.

He did so, and it grew to be a daily occurrence for Mrs. Wyeth and Milly to be invited to ride in the park with Sir Roger and his ward.

As the skilful physician had predicted, Cecile recovered from her mental malady, but the frail body grew more and more spiritual every day, and at last it was evident that the too beautiful colour which flamed upon her cheeks as each day grew to a close was the fatal hectic. At last she could no longer leave her room. Then Sir Roger went to Mrs. Wyeth and entreated her to use her influence with Milly to stay with the dying girl who was so constantly wishing for her companionship until the last.

The invitation to Milly to spend some time at the hotel at which Sir Roger's party was stopping, occasioned her some embarrassment, as her simple toilet arrangements, gotten up in her rural home, were hardly intended to bear the criticism of lovers of fashion and display; but her love for the gentle sufferer overcame her scruples and she went to her.

The visitors at the hotel were very much interested in the baronet and his ward, and many a pair of bright eyes would have been glad to win an admiring glance from the handsome, stately nobleman, but he seemed ever the same, polite and courteous, but indifferent.

His ward, Cecile, was also his cousin. His sister by an accident, and the shock affected her uncle had felt such confidence in his favourite nephew, who was the second son of Lord Dunallan, that on his death-bed, young as was Sir Roger at the time, he had appointed him guardian of his twin girls, and had also left him a third of his large fortune, so that, although by the provisions of the entail, he did not inherit any of his father's property, he might be in possession of a good income.

By the terms of the will, if either sister died, the survivor was to inherit all; and if neither should live to attain her majority, Sir Roger should then be the heir, unless his cousins wished to will their share to someone else. In that case he was to be guided by their requests.

"Gnardy," said Cecile, one morning, after she had made an excuse to send Milly from the room, "I want to make my will. You are rich enough already, and I want to give Milly half of my money. Are you willing?"

Sir Roger stroked the bright head tenderly. "Anything that pleases my Cecile, pleases me."

Cecile took his hand caressingly in one of hers. "What a good kind guard you have been. Leaving your home in dear old England and travelling about with me in search of health

which won't come. But—my mind is all right now. Oh, that dark time when everything was a blank! And it was Milly's sweet face, so like my own Lilly's, that helped me. She is my sister in spirit if not in body."

So it was arranged. The lawyers were sent for, and Milly Dutton was no longer a girl merely in comfortable circumstances—she was an heiress. But she knew nothing of it until Cecile's translation to be with her sister for ever. Then she learned of it from Sir Roger's lips. After he had told her of the way in which Cecile had wished to give her such a permanent token of her love, he said, sadly:

"Life will seem very strange to me now that Cecile has gone. For the last three years I have hardly had a thought except for her. I shall miss the dear child sadly. Will Cecile's friend think of Cecile's uncle once in a while after he has gone?"

Milly tried to answer, but her voice failed her. She looked up at him, with large tears filling her eyes and rolling silently down her cheeks.

"Milly, are those tears for me?" The voice grew deep and impassioned. "But no, it would be too selfish in me to ask it. My hair is already showing its streaks of silver, and you—"

"Don't—don't, my heart will break!" sobbed Milly, convulsively. She saw a glimpse of happiness which might have been hers, opening before her only to be shut out irrevocably, and maidenly delicacy must seal her lips. She could not give utterance to the cry that ran through her whole being: "I love you!—I love you!"

But that despairing burst of sobs was a revelation to him. With tenderness, too deep for words, he drew her to him and kissed away her tears.

The next spring there was a double wedding at Milly's western home. Ralph gave her a dear young sister to take her place in ministering to the old father, and she gave him as tender care as though he had been her own.

Lady Millicent Hepworth (our Milly) fills her position as though she had been born to it, and her husband blesses the day when Cecile's delusion drew Milly within the circle of their travelling group. M. E. M.

"THE BACHELOR MUST GO!"

So say the Californians. It is urged that no single man should be permitted to vote, unless he is under an engagement of marriage. No bachelor should be allowed to hold office, or to go on the bonds of an office-holder. Any of this obnoxious fraternity who have been duly warned to conjugate by a committee of the most venerable unmarried ladies in the ward in which they live, and who fail to do so within ninety days next succeeding, shall pay into the county treasury one thousand dollars each, which shall form a fund for defraying the expenses of cook-stoves and cradles for deserving young couples who have lately been wedded in the vicinity. And bachelors who shall refuse the heart and hand of any meritorious lady under forty-five, who shall have tendered the same in good faith, shall be ostracized from society, and otherwise punished as the lady shall direct.

THE IMPROBABLE IN WAR.

EVERY man who has ever been in the thick of a fight knows that, to all appearances, the escape of any man so placed is utterly improbable, if not well nigh impossible also. Bullets fly around him as thick as hail; shells burst, the solid shot scream around his head for hours. That some one of the thousand missiles shall hit him seems to be almost inevitable; and yet in very few battles does one man in ten sustain any harm. The writer has seen a thirteen-inch mortar shell fall and explode in a mortar pit fifteen feet square, in which eight men were standing, without doing harm to any one of them. Ninety-nine times in a hundred such an

occurrence would kill every man so exposed, but in this case the utterly improbable thing happened.

In another case within the writer's knowledge, a caisson chest, with seventy-five pounds of powder in it, exploded without injuring a man who was sitting on it at the time. Improbable things of a contrary sort happen not less frequently. To draw still from this writer's observation, a man, lying close to the revetment, too, in a mortar pit fourteen feet deep, was killed by a musket ball which came from a distance of a thousand yards, and passed through the man's lungs. It had probably struck a pebble or some other object in front, which caused it to fly upward, and afterwards to fall behind the high parapet. At any rate, it killed the man.

CHEERFUL PEOPLE.

ONE melancholy person will mar the happiness of a household, particularly if he is an important member of the family. The father should not bring his business troubles home with him. Mothers have hundreds of little trials which fret the temper and cause the brow to cloud over; but if it can possibly be avoided, such troubles should never be made apparent to the family circle. Of course it may be hard to suffer all to one's self; and it is so often a relief to pour into the ears of the assembled family the tribulations of the kitchen or nursery; but this disposition is better checked in the beginning. The habit of complaining is one that grows unconsciously if indulged in at all. If an air of cheerfulness is assumed, however little it may be really felt, the spirit itself will soon pervade the soul, and each effort to subdue the fretful and gloomy feelings will be found easier.

No member of the family needs to feel the buoyant influences of hope more than the wife and mother. Let her particularly cultivate this habit of mind if her husband is inclined to despondency. Her influence upon him is incalculable. But many a woman renders herself unfit for this duty by ruining her temper and nerves by overwork. That's a bad plan, mother. Don't try to do too much. Never mind if the baby's frock is not finished; put it by until another day. Don't be bent upon hanging up the fresh curtains to-day; let them wait until you are not so tired. Don't work so hard as to unstring the nerves and make you incapable of proving yourself a cheerful companion to your husband and children in the evening. A brisk walk in the fresh air, a call on a pleasant neighbour, will give you something pleasant to think about, and supply you with items to enliven the tea-table chat. You cannot afford to be melancholy; so drive away dull care, and be cheerful, for your own sake as well as that of the household whose happiness depends upon your smiles.

NERVE AND HUMOUR IN BATTLE.

A BRAVE English sailor, at the battle of Trafalgar, while serving at his gun on the main-deck, was struck by a shot, coming in at the port, which took off his leg below the knee. As he sank down upon a shot-box, and saw the section of limb clean gone, he muttered:

"Ah! it's only a shilling affair, that. Had it gone a few inches higher I'd a got my eighteen pence for it!"

He alluded to the scale of pensions, as graded by the severity of the wound.

Afterwards, while one of his mates was carrying him below, to the cockpit, he suddenly cried out:

"Ho! Jack! when you go back, be sure and take a look at my leg, and save me the silver buckle on the shoe. I'll do as much for you, if the Lord spares me!"

Here is a good reply from another brave

Briton—this time a captain. It was when Admiral Lord St. Vincent's fleet was bearing down upon the fleet of the enemy—the Spaniards—that the chaplain of a frigate asked the commander, who was all alive with excitement, and eager in the work:

"Captain, have you reckoned the number of the enemy?"

"No, no—not yet," replied the brave chief. "We can do that more readily after they are ours!"

Here is another of a different cast, but its humour is not to be denied.

The French, at Wagram, were making the first onset of battle, when a sergeant of infantry, who was holding his company in line, upon the extreme right of his regiment, was set upon by a yelping, snarling-cur, belonging to the colonel. The old soldier could not tamely bear this, and with a movement like lightning, he charged bayonet upon the dog, and run him through, probably to the heart. The colonel saw, and being near to the spot, he rode up.

"Look you, my man, why could you not have just as well made at my dog with the butt of your musket?"

"Parbleu! I'd have done it, Colonel, if the brute had only made at me in the same way!"

CONSOLIDATED TEA.

By the introduction of consolidated tea, of which Messrs. Goundry and Co., of Upper Thames-street, are the original introducers and sole patentees, an important boon has been conferred upon tea consumers. Not only does tea consolidated by their system gain considerably in strength by the process through which it passes, but what is equally, if not more, important to the consumer, it is thereby rendered absolutely proof against any successful attempts at adulteration. Messrs. Goundry's consolidated tea is extensively used by Her Majesty's and most foreign Governments, and thoroughly appreciated by private consumers. The machinery at work on Messrs. Goundry's premises is of the most simple and perfect description, as may be gathered from the fact that each separate machine, is capable of turning out no less than 9,000 quarter pound packages a day, a quantity equivalent to one ton. Each tablet has embossed upon it the words, "Goundry, London," and is sub-divided into half ounce portions, similar to the Chocolat Menier, with which we are all familiar.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN BIRD'S Entertainment was on Wednesday occupied in the second part with a new sketch entitled "Rotten Row," by Mr. Corney Grain, and an entirely new vaudeville entitled "Back from India," written by Mr. H. P. Stephens, with music composed by Mr. Cotford Dick.

THE Panama Canal scheme has already taken such shape that Mr. Lesseps is—it is said—prepared to float a company which shall at once undertake this important water-way. Should it succeed, its effect on the commerce of the world will be simply incalculable. It will at once halve the distance between England and Japan; and before very long revolutionise the course of trade, as much as, or even more than, the discovery of the Cape by Vasco di Gama did.

A CORRESPONDENT requested us to insert the following (the name of a parish near Menai Bridge), in the hope some learned Welshman will translate it:—"Llanfairpwllgwyllgiogoch-hwyrndrobwllidilliliogogoch." This has elicited a reply which we give in full:—"Llanfairpwllgwyllgiogoch-hwyrndrobwllidilliliogogoch.—Hwchgochachwechoberschillcoch-ionbach" says—"If your correspondent will meet me at Llanfairmathafarneithaf, or, if more convenient, at Llanfihangelaberbythychyachioncoch-ion, and bring the word with him, correctly spelt (not as above), I shall have much pleasure in giving him a full explanation of this and of any other 'small' word he may be in doubt about."

SCIENCE.

MILK AND LIME WATER IN NERVOUS DISORDERS.

In a paper on "Milk and Lime Water as Food and Medicine in Nervous Disorders," presented by E. N. Chapman to the Medical Society of New York, the author deprecates the warfare of drugs against disease which is now being waged by specialists more vigorously and systematically than ever before. Digestion and assimilation, he asserts, are ignored, and the attention is absorbed by one or more prominent symptoms in a part remote from the primary source of morbid action. Consequently the efforts of the physician to cure his patient are too often unavailing.

He states that having used, the last few years, milk with lime water almost exclusively as the diet of his patients, he has attained a success unknown to him when he depended more on medicine and less on food. To illustrate the ready assimilation, the nutritive quality and the remedial power of milk, when rendered digestible by lime, he presented notes of a number of cases treated by him, embracing a class involving the nerve centres, and that are acknowledged to be little under the command of accepted modes of treatment; such, for instance, as marasmus, anemia, paralysis, indigestion, neuralgia, chorea, dementia, and alcoholism.

In concluding his paper, Dr. Chapman remarks that the efficacy of milk with lime water in the illustrative cases brought forward by him is equally observable in others whenever, either primarily or secondarily, the nutritive functions are much at fault. The milk (with a pinch of salt) being rendered very acceptable to the stomach by the lime, may almost always with advantage be made the prime article of diet in the sick room, however diverse the conditions. It is the most digestible and at the same time the most nourishing food that can be given. It allays gastric and intestinal irritability, offers a duly prepared chyle to the absorbents, supplies the blood with all the elements of nutrition, institutes healthful tissue changes, stimulates the secreting and excreting glands, and, in a word, provides nature with the material required to sustain herself in her contest with disease. If it be conceded that nature always accomplishes the cure whenever it is secured, and that drugs merely aid, direct, or modify her efforts to this end, it will be self-evident that the food which supplies the vital forces with all the power of resistance they possess is a matter of the first importance, and the milk acted upon by lime, provided it contains all the essential properties of other articles epitomised, and is more friendly than any or all of them, has a range of application almost as extensive as the disease itself, whatever its character and whoever the patient.

UTILIZATION OF HOP STEMS.

MANY attempts have been made to convert hop stems, which, at the present time, are only a nuisance to the hop growers, into some useful product; paper makers have tried to reduce them to a pulp suitable for their purpose, but with only indifferent success. M. Jourdeit has recently patented a process for obtaining from these stems a material suitable for the manufacture of cordage. The stems and runners are collected twenty-four hours after the hops have been picked, tied together in bundles about five feet in length by half a yard in diameter, and steeped in water in the same manner as hemp. Here they are allowed to remain from three to four weeks, after which they are taken out, placed on end to drain for a while, dried for twenty-four hours in the sun, and then stored in dry, well-ventilated sheds.

The separation of the fibres from the woody portions of the steeped stems is readily effected by passing these between two cylindrical rollers, though the process is not quite so easy as in the

case of hemp or flax, owing to their tougher structure. The fibres as thus obtained, are of a light brown colour, and from twelve to sixteen inches long. They are then carded in the same manner as flax, and in this state afford a very valuable material for the manufacture of cordage and similar rough products. Another patent has been taken out in Germany which differs from the above. In the German process the hop stems are boiled in soap, soda, and water, well washed, and reboiled in very dilute acetic acid, again washed, dried, and combed, when they are fit for use, and can be washed like flax.

CLARA LORRAINE;

-OR-

THE LUCKY TOKEN.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Alfred Lorraine entered the library, where his niece awaited him, he suddenly stopped and looked with surprise at the tall, graceful figure which rose to greet him.

"What?" he exclaimed. "A young lady?"

"Why not, uncle?" the girl instantly replied, advancing a step nearer him, and waiting to take his hand should it be offered.

But Alfred Lorraine for a second or two neither moved nor spoke. He stood gazing at the girl before him as though searching for something in every lineament of her face. There was a shade of anxiety, as well as of surprise, upon his countenance which, though it escaped the notice of the young girl at the time, afterwards recurred to her memory.

This silence and scrutiny was growing painful to her who was obliged to bear it, when the other, becoming aware of her embarrassment, aroused himself, and coming nearer, extended his hand with cordial greeting.

"Pardon me, niece," he said. "Your years and young ladyfied appearance took me entirely by surprise. I expected to find you a little thing about the age of my Lina, and yet I might have known you were older, had I thought."

"I hope, uncle, you are not disappointed in me on that account," replied Clara.

"No, no, my dear, not at all. I may say I am all the better pleased, for I am not fond of the noise of children and their mischievous ways. But, bless me! what is this?" he exclaimed, catching sight of the ruined print upon the floor.

A dark, angry frown settled upon his face.

"Is this some of your work?" he cried, forgetting the politeness due a stranger, and a lady. "Have you brought with you from the country the notion that a picture, if it have an old look, is worthless, and therefore no better than waste paper?"

Clara, astounded at this burst of fury, waited until her uncle had finished, then quietly replied:

"I have brought from the country the notion that a person should be found guilty before he is condemned."

Her gentle words had the effect of calming her uncle's anger, and of recalling him to himself.

"Pardon me again," he said. "I was, perhaps, too hasty; but to a lover of rare old prints the destruction of such an one as that is irreparable. Has Lina been here?" he suddenly added.

"She has, sir."

"Then I need not ask who is the real culprit," was the rejoinder; and Clara, who looked for the instant pursuit and punishment of the offender, was surprised to see her uncle quietly gather up the fragments of paper and put them away, remarking resignedly:

"I suppose some whim took the child which she could not resist. When she's older she'll know better." Then turning to Clara, he said, without any further apology for his rudeness:

"You and I missed each other last night. I took one street to the station, and you took another from it. I hope my servants received you suitably, and that you had a comfortable night's sleep?"

"One always sleeps well after a long day's journey," the young girl replied, with a trace of sadness in her tone, for her uncle's harsh words left a sore spot in her heart which his after kindness could not instantly efface.

"Have you breakfasted?" Mr. Lorraine next asked.

Clara replied in the negative.

"Then come and pour my coffee for me," he said, leading the way to the dining-room. "We are tardy risers in the city, you will find Mrs. Lorraine and my eldest daughter seldom breakfast with me, as late hours at night induce late hours in the morning."

The breakfast—an ample and appetising one to the half-famished Clara—was eaten almost in silence, for Mr. Lorraine, seemingly absorbed in thought, offered no topic for conversation, and his niece felt her lonely position too keenly to be privileged to offer any remarks. Several times during the meal, however, happening to look up, she caught her uncle's eye fixed upon her with that same anxious expression she had noticed when first meeting him.

The young girl, sitting constrained and lonely, could not help comparing this taciturn half-hour with the chatty breakfasts she had been accustomed to with that mother whose loss was so fresh and so terrible a grief. The thought brought tears to her eyes, and before she could repress them they had been observed by her uncle.

"Don't give way to sadness, my dear," he said, in kinder tones than he had yet used. "I suppose you cannot help thinking of your loss, but you must try and be happy with us. Was your mother's illness a long one?"

Clara choked back her rising sobs, and replied that it was, adding:

"There is much I might tell you regarding it, but I must beg you to wait until time has given me a little more control over my feelings. I must not delay longer, however, to tell you that I did not come here to be a burden upon you. I am young, I have received a good education, and I have been trained in many ways whereby I can gain something for myself. I could not help coming, uncle," she went on as if her arrival needed an apology. "You are the only relative I have, and I could no longer trespass upon the kindness of strangers. All I ask is that you will put me in the way of doing something for myself."

Mr. Lorraine listened until the girl had finished her sob-broken speech, and at its conclusion, he said, cheerily:

"Pooh, pooh, my dear, you mustn't keep such notions as those in your head. I have enough and to spare, so there's no need of your doing anything for yourself. You shall be a daughter here like the rest, and if you want anything just come to me for it."

"Oh, uncle, you are too kind, but I cannot remain a useless burden upon your bounty."

"My bounty!" repeated Mr. Lorraine to himself, seeming to wince as the word was uttered.

"Yes, uncle, your bounty. For do you not know that I am penniless? My poor, dear mother managed to keep us from want while she lived, but now she is gone—"

Mr. Lorraine arose hurriedly from the table and took one or two rapid turns about the room.

"Clara," he said—"I think I have heard that your name is Clara?"

The young girl bowed, and Mr. Lorraine went on:

"Let me never again hear from your lips

any hint of your wish to support yourself. Your dead father was my only brother, and if I cannot supply your few wants I should be indeed a villain. This is your home: you must feel as free here as if—as if you owned it all."

The last words were spoken with an effort, as if they lodged in his throat when he essayed to utter them.

Mr. Lorraine took a generous roll of notes from his pocket and continued:

"When girls come to the city they always go shopping. Mabel will take you to the best establishments where you can fit yourself out in the best the town affords."

He tossed the money upon the table beside her plate, but Clara drew away from it as if she feared to touch it.

"No, no, dear uncle," she said. "Indeed I do not need it! Pray take it back and keep it until in some way I have earned it."

"Earned!" repeated Mr. Lorraine, with a haughty accent. "None of my family must speak of earning money. You are a Lorraine, remember. The Lorraines inherit money; they do not earn it."

Clara looked aghast at this enunciation of what was to her a strange doctrine. Having been taught to look upon all things not deserved as not belonging to her, she regarded a livelihood in the same light, and, girl though she was, she shrank with a true, independent instinct from receiving money as a gratuity. Her uncle proceeded:

"I see I must teach you, as I have taught Mabel and Lina, to look upon labour as an attribute of the lower classes. This is one of the fundamental articles of my social creed, and I must beg you never again to allude to a Lorraine earning a livelihood."

This lesson—a hard one for the free country girl to learn—was received by her in silence, and the breakfast service having been removed, her uncle seated himself beside her and drew her into more familiar talk.

"Tell me," he said, falling into a kind, insinuating manner, "did your mother leave no parting message for me regarding your future?"

"None," she replied. "She trusted my future entirely to you."

"I wish I could learn whether your father and mother had me often in their thoughts."

Mr. Lorraine passed his hand across his brow. He repeated the movement once and again, but it did not smooth away the anxious look which rested upon it.

"If your mother left no parting message for me, did she leave no papers or verbal reference to me?"

"None," replied the girl.

"Did she speak of any other person whom you were to consult in case you did not come to me?"

"That is the one thing that troubles me," Clara replied, knitting her brows in perplexed thought. "She did tell me the name of a gentleman to whom I was to go in case I was greatly pressed for a friend or adviser, but my mind was so torn by grief at the time that I did not give that attention to the name which I should have done, and since her death I have totally forgotten it."

"Are you sure it is quite forgotten?"

"Quite sure."

"Have you no clue by which you can recall it?"

"Absolutely none, except a faint impression that it begins with a 'W,' and is a name of two syllables. Sometimes it seems as though memory almost grasped it, and then it slips further away from me than ever. I greatly regret my forgetfulness, for dear mamma seemed to lay such stress upon seeking the gentleman should I ever need his services."

"Do not try to remember it," said Mr. Lorraine, hastily. "Why should you? My protection, my friendship and my advice will never fail you. So promise me, my dear, never again to perplex your mind by such a needless effort? I exact the promise as a proof of your willingness to trust your dead father's only brother."

The request, solicited in an earnest, eager manner, Clara could not find it in her heart to refuse, and when it was granted, she was pleased to observe that the serious, troubled look which her uncle's face had borne passed away, leaving it placid and contented.

"Truly," she thought, "my uncle, despite the harsh words which he addressed to me in the library, must have loved the dead brother of whom he speaks; else he would not be desirous of securing the confidence of his child. I will sincerely trust him and seek to make myself worthy of his regard."

Mr. Lorraine arose to leave the room. Clara sprang up and followed him with the roll of notes which he had placed beside her plate.

"Uncle," she said, "pray do not leave this. I assure you I did not come to your house with my purse entirely empty. It would really make me unhappy to keep it."

"You are a strange girl," Mr. Lorraine said, reluctantly receiving the money which she thrust into his hand. "Mabel never refuses a present of this kind—indeed I have some difficulty in supplying all her wants; but since you wish it you shall have your own way, or better still, Mabel here shall spend the money for you."

As he spoke he turned towards his eldest daughter who at that moment languidly entered the breakfast-room, dressed in an elegant morning wrapper, the long train of which swept the polished floor for a yard or so behind her.

"Here, Mabel, my love, come forward and let me introduce you to your cousin. Clara, dear, this is your cousin Mabel. I hope and expect you will become excellent friends."

The latter part of his speech was spoken with some significance and was addressed especially to his daughter, for that young lady in obedience to her father's command had indeed come forward, but instead of welcoming the newcomer with cousinly feeling she raised her gold eye-glass and insolently surveyed her from head to foot.

"Mabel!" repeated her father, still more decidedly. Did you hear me? This is your cousin Clara, and I expect you will receive and treat her in a becoming manner."

Thus admonished, Mabel dropped her eye-glass, and coming nearer, extended her hand in a listless manner. Clara, could she have followed the promptings of her quick temper, would have declined the proffered hand, but a second and a wiser thought bade her accept it with as much cordiality as she could force herself to assume.

Mr. Lorraine threw a glance of displeasure at his daughter, which she either did not observe or did not heed, then he turned to quit the room.

"I shall leave you two young ladies together," he said; "but first, Mab, I have a commission for you. Clara, here, refuses to accept this roll of notes which I want her to use to buy new dresses and gew-gaws such as girls always like. So do you take it and spend it for her."

His daughter took the money with more animation than she had yet displayed, and after the door had closed upon her father she turned to Clara and said in a languid, hisping tone:

"Why did you not take the money? One would have thought that you, of all the world, would have snapped it up in a moment."

Clara coloured violently at this rude speech, but commanding her voice, she replied:

"I did not need it. I have enough of my own."

"Don't you want me to spend it for you?"

"Certainly not."

"Then I'll keep it myself," Mabel said, thrusting the roll into the shallow pocket of her wrapper with as much nonchalance as if it had been a common hem-stitched handkerchief. "You must have a stunning wardrobe, if you don't need to go shopping. One might think that I had all heart could wish, but I tell you there isn't an hour in the day I couldn't find things to buy, if I had a full enough purse." Then she demanded: "Was that one

of your trunks I saw going up into the fourth story awhile ago?"

"I presume so," was Clara's quiet reply.

"How many did you bring?"

"Only one."

"Only one!" echoed Mabel in a shrill key, which plainly showed that her former languor was only assumption. "Only one, and that a little black thing, much smaller than even Cécile would need for a week's stay in Brighton or Scarborough!"

Again the colour mounted painfully to Clara's cheeks, but without heeding the insolence of her cousin she remained silent.

"The country where you came from must be a strange place," resumed Mabel, drawing an easy-chair near the fire, and putting her slippered feet upon the fender. "What in the world do people do with themselves there?"

Clara's admirable temper was one which quickly recovered from any stress put upon it. She therefore smiled and pleasantly answered:

"Well, people in the country live, and move, and have their being the same as those in the city."

"Oh, of course, you eat and breathe and sleep. Animals do that," retorted Mabel, who seemed unable to open her lips without uttering some stinging remark. "But what else do you do?"

"We respect the rights and the feelings of others," replied Clara, with spirit. "Politeness, I think, must have had its origin in the country, and in some instances it seems to have remained there."

"You mean, perhaps, that you brought none of it away with you," retorted Mabel, with a laugh. "You mustn't get angry now, the first morning you're here. It won't do; for you really can't afford to indulge in the luxury of a mad fit. Only rich people can do that. But, honestly, tell me what was your daily round when you were at home. I'm tired and listless this morning, and would really like to be talked to."

"Indeed, Mabel, I have nothing to say. If you will excuse me, I will go to my room."

"No! I positively cannot excuse you. If there is anything I abhor, it is being alone the morning after I have been to a party. I always feel either too tired to go out or to see company. I've always wanted a sort of companion at hand at such times to amuse me; and when I heard that you were coming it struck me that you would do admirably for the purpose."

"I'm greatly afraid you will be disappointed in me," returned Clara, with inward scorn. "I never was an adept in the art of amusing people."

"Will you enlighten me then? Anything to make time pass."

"The task would be hopeless, I fear."

"You can read, I suppose?"

"Not understandingly."

Mabel, whose self-love kept her from detecting the covert sarcasm in her cousin's reply, looked at her in surprise.

"Really," she said, "though I knew country people were very different from us in most particulars, I certainly thought they could read."

"I never said I could not read. Country people have been known both to read and to write books."

"It strikes me, miss," said Mabel, angrily, "that you are putting on too many contrary airs for a person in your position."

"If my company is distasteful I am quite ready to relieve you of it."

"I don't choose to let you off. I told you before that I cannot bear to be alone when I feel as I do this morning; so, since you won't talk to me, perhaps you will be graciously pleased to listen."

The ill-humoured Mabel did not wait for a reply, but immediately plunged into the subject of last evening's gaiety. She dilated upon her own successes in society; the sensations which her rich costumes created whenever she went out; drew disparaging comparisons between herself and those whose circumstances did not enable them to exhibit the like elegant appear-

ance; in fact, she revealed the shallowness, the vanity, and the selfishness of her character so completely that the cheek of the sensitive Clara flushed with shame that one of her own sex and blood could be so frivolous and weak.

Yet Mabel had no suspicion of the real feelings which her talk created. She fancied, instead, that her cousin's heart was filled with envy that so wide a social gulf separated them. She even expatiated upon her quickness at repartee, for such she called her rude speeches, never dreaming that language which should have placed her beyond the pale of good society was such that true ladies and gentlemen found it unanswerable.

That the girl herself found abundant entertainment in thus running on was evident from the animation she exhibited, and had the subject been different, even her cousin might have been beguiled from her and thoughts by her rapid, easy flow of language.

It must not be supposed that a person of Mabel Lorraine's character could have dilated long upon the theme which she had chosen without mentioning some of the names of the opposite sex.

During the talk she dropped from her lips, and to her own astonishment, "they were catches." Mabel was wondering what such a piscatorial term might signify, but she felt so little interest in the matter that she did not care to inquire.

"If there's any choice between them," Mabel ran on, "it's in favour of Mr. Barnabas, though he is so handsome, not more agreeable than Charles Langton; but his family is better, which you know, you know, especially with people like us, for instance, the Lorraines, at least on the subject of it, are of the best blood in England."

Mabel suddenly stopped when in the full tide of her talk, and abruptly asked:

"Have you seen mamma?"

"No, I have not."

"Humph!" the girl said, looking at her cousin in a way the latter did not understand.

Then after a pause she went on:

"I wonder how you'll strike mamma. Upon my word, I shouldn't care to stand in your shoes, for to tell you the plain, honest truth, there are few people mamma fancies, and it generally goes hard with those she doesn't fancy, especially if they live in the same house with her."

"Why, Mabel, how can you speak so carelessly of your mother?"

"I have done so nothing," was the reply. "I'm simply giving you a word of warning; but if you don't want it, why, let it alone."

In another instant she had resumed her delineations of fashionable life; but she had not proceeded far when a voice at the door broke in upon her monologue:

"Mademoiselle," said a voice at the door.

Both girls turned towards the speaker. It was Céline, who came with a message from Mrs. Lorraine.

"Madame wishes that the young person who came last night should wait upon her in her chamber."

(To be Continued.)

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMA.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

To those who remember Pauline Lucre's perfect picture of Selika, Madame Patti's assumption of the character must have been a disappointment; while the lady's most enthusiastic friends could scarcely regard her performance of "L'Africaine" as a triumph. Accustomed like all artists of rare genius, to take entire possession of the stage, the prima donna must herself have felt there was something amiss. It

is unnecessary to say that the music was beautifully sung, but the strength and charm of the Selika of times gone by were lacking. Signor Nicolini was in no way a help either—Selika's great duet with Vasco di Gama, which should create one of the sensations of the representation, fell flatly. On the other hand, the début of M. Lassalles was an unequivocal success. A fine voice, great dramatic intelligence, with finish and ease, his merit was acknowledged from the beginning. To Mlle. Valleria a tribute must also be paid for a prominent and very charming Inez, which the audience were most just in appreciating. The début of Mlle. Bloch in "La Favorita" has not realised anticipations.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MADAME GREVILLE'S Elvira ("Puritani") is, like all her impersonations this season, more dramatic and elaborate than were her efforts of last year. A genuine success has rewarded her very clever vocalisation and sympathetic acting. Signor Campanelli was an excellent Arturo, and Signor Del Ponte and Poli (Ricardo and Giorgio) were excellent for the "Guerri la morte" and the same performance. Madame Wilson's Marguerite was perfect, and Mlle. Hank earned equal success as Carmen.

AMERICAN THEATRE.

"Amy Robsart" has been revised here, and the stupendous manner in which it has been placed on the stage reflects the highest credit upon the Messrs. Gatti who, having spared no expense, have succeeded in reviving the original magnificence with which it was mounted by Mr. Christy at Drury Lane Theatre. Though the Adelphi stage does not afford the same opportunity for scenic display or spectacular effects, yet nothing was wanting to make the revival of "Amy Robsart" entirely worthy of the success previously won. The present company is a particularly strong one. Miss Neilson assumes her old rôle as the heroine, and won the accustomed applause for her well-remembered rendering of a trying character. Miss Pateman is excellent as Elizabeth, certainly by far the best that has appeared in the part, and the same may be said of Mr. Neville's Leicester, which exactly suits his style, and adds another to his already long list of successful representations. Varney's villainies are judiciously entrusted to that clever actor, Mr. Hermann Vezin, whose picturesque appearance and finished elocution were deservedly recognised. Mr. Flockton, as Foster, played a small part carefully, and Mr. Pateman gave a capital portrait of Michael Lambourne. Messrs. Markby (Sussex), Charles (Raleigh), George (Wayland Smith), and Miss Corvany (Elizabeth), were all satisfactory, but the same cannot be said of Mr. Compton, whose Tressilian was stiff, awkward, and uninteresting. The scenery and dresses were very good indeed, the Kenilworth pageant being especially so. The cordial reception given to the drama by a crowded house gives promise of a highly successful revival of an old and popular favourite, which the lessons for their great liberality thoroughly deserve to realise.

ELEPHANT AND CASTLE THEATRE.

Irish dramas, in spite of the sameness of their plots, and the curious similarity which distinguishes all their characters, still continue to be highly popular with audiences who are more exuberant than discriminating. They will applaud to the echo the patriotic young hero's denunciation of England's tyranny, and his eternal prophecies that, in such and such an event, justice will at last be meted out to his suffering country; they will laugh at the conventional Paddy's witticisms, and his equally conventional love-making with a pretty colleen; they will evince proper admiration for the virtuous sentiments of the parish priest; they will be roused to enthusiasm when the ubiquitous

Paddy turns up just at the right moment, and by a well-directed shot, manages to topple over the villain of the piece, even though he may happen to be standing in the midst of a crowd of villagers; and all these forms were duly observed by the large audience, who received H. Richardson's great Irish drama "Liberty," at the Elephant and Castle, with every demonstration of approval. The story of the play is scarcely new; but the dialogue is vigorous, and in certain scenes amusing enough; there are plenty of stirring incidents, effective situations, and hair-breadth escapes, so that the general interest is maintained throughout. The piece was well mounted, and judging by the plaudits with which it was received, may be accepted as a success. Mr. Frank Fuller's original drama "Raised from the Ashes" concluded the performance. The handsome theatre was well filled by a highly appreciative audience, and the general arrangements reflect credit on the spirit and enterprise of the management.

CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES.

A new and splendid ballet has lately been brought out here called "Biherea," for the purpose of introducing a graceful lady gymnast rejoicing in the name of "Ariel," an appropriate sobriquet, rather unique performances are principally confined to ingenious and astounding flights through the air, assisted by mechanical means which are, however, cleverly disguised. In one of Ariel's flights she springs to a perpendicular height of 40 feet, and her curved flights are executed with an ease and celerity calling forth much applause. The scenery is most effective, and Mr. Brown has supplied some pleasing music. The dancing of the Misses Ada Powell and Broughton, and an efficient and well-dressed corps de ballet, adds to the attraction. The successful sketch, Pat in Paradise, in which the popular Miss Nelly Power distinguishes herself, still forms part of the programme; and the singing of the "Jolly Nash" and Mr. Roberts finds many admirers.

THE SWANBOROUGH BENEFIT.

This interesting event "came off" at the Haymarket Theatre, and was attended by an amount of success—both financial and artistic—that must have proved eminently gratifying, not only to the beneficiaries but to the members of the Committee, with Lord Londesborough at their head, who have worked so assiduously to bring about the result and to ensure that the intended token of esteem should be complete in every respect. The benefit, as we have already stated, was in honour of the completion of twenty-one years of the Swanborough management of the popular little Strand Theatre. During her leasehold Mrs. Swanborough appears to have commanded "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," and when, on Thursday, she left the Haymarket stage we imagine it must have been with a heart swelling with justifiable pride and gratification.

The proceedings opened about one o'clock with a selection from "Les Cloches de Corneville." Miss Lydia Thompson sang her now famous song from the "Imperial" version of "The Lady of Lyons," "I've been photographed like this." The next item in the varied programme was the first act of "Madame Favart." Mr. T. Swinbourne followed with his really fine and impressive rendering of "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and then came two acts of the famous comedy "The Ladies' Battle." The second act of "The Girls," Mr. David James as Potter, followed; then came the event of the day—viz., Mrs. Swanborough's "reception." Mrs. Swanborough, who was the recipient of a shower of floral compliments, was afterwards led across the stage before the curtain by Mr. Byron, and was accompanied by Mrs. Keeley, further honours awaiting the trio. The memorable performance terminated with the fourth act of the successful "New Babylon," in which Mr. Holt, Miss Caroline Hill, Mr. C. Wilmot, Mr. J. A. Arnold, and other members of the Duke's company appeared.



[TORN ASUNDER.]

LORD JASPER'S SECRET;

—OR—

BETWEEN PALACE AND PRISON.

By the Author of "Lady Violet's Victims."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A PROPHECIC VOICE.

My life is bowed with burdens, 'tis more than I can bear;
The world is full of sorrow, and weary with despair.

"WHEN Eustacia presents herself before the sun-baked, paint-blistered hall door of the respectable lodging-house in the Euston Road, she is enthusiastically received by the well-meaning landlady, Mrs. Macree's mother, who hastily draws her into the dim recesses of her best front parlour with its orange-coloured, bilious-looking blinds which the refreshing summer breeze fans to and fro.

But in London the open windows suggest but mournful recollections of the fragrant odour that steals through the transparent casements of the country; the air is always sultry, unhealthy, and destitute of that pure oxygen which is so life-giving and vitalising in its effects.

It is, however, but a matter of very trifling moment how she is now received by strangers, she will soon pass out of that region where one has to submit to the tender mercies of anyone, even including landladies; she is going away to luxury and self-indulgence, thrilled by exquisite and delicious emotions, but at the same time throwing over all her finest principles, her candour and nobility. The light pressure of the good woman's hand makes the girl shrink within herself even as she half despises her own weakness.

"Deed, an' we're glad to see ye back, miss," the landlady is saying, "an' it's welcome ye be as the flowers in May-time." We feared some 'arm 'ad come to ye and that maybe ye'd be found murthured, but now ye'll see all the little boxes and yer clothes safe in the same room ye left them in."

"Thank you; you are very good."

Eustacia is contemplating a study of a somewhat perverse-looking Celt painted in water-colours musing over a bad potato crop and apostrophising an intelligent looking pig, which almost seemed to feel itself doomed to slaughter for the "rind."

"Dear, an' it's pale ye be too, darlint; is it a fright or a shock that's upset ye?"

"I have travelled all night and should be glad to rest," she answers, languidly lifting her hands to her brow, as if all speech were torture.

How lovely she is in her pallid agitation; her eyes bright and feverish, as she draws a knot of black ribbons from her hair and unplaits it almost mechanically; it streams over her shoulders in ebon waves—a vivid contrast to her quiet grey dress.

"I am going to leave you to-day for ever," Eustacia says, hastily rising to her feet.

The landlady is struck by the tone of forced simplicity in her utterance. Alas! had she but guessed the hidden tenderness and despair battling in her heart.

"Shure thin an' I 'ope it's for yer good, miss, that ye're going away."

"For my good?" Eustacia repeats. "What good can ever come to such as I—forsaken by all, deceived by those in whom they trust?"

"Ah, begorra! Is it a man ye're speaking of thin? but it's bad and false are all the men. Don't trust one, darlint, don't, or ye'll find they don't care to plaze ye for long, and it's woe betimes when there's cradles and christenings an' the fath'er's missin'. Shure it's soon they turn a cowl'd shoulder, and it's the sweet beauties like you that are deaved. I spake the thruth intirely; it's the worst thing ye can do to listen to a lover's honeyed tongue at all."

Eustacia sits like some fair marble statue as these words are spoken, for she has sunk down in a miserable stupor as the woman rambles on. She hears the truth now from humble lips, but she will not listen; we are all made deaf first ere fate drives us to our doom.

These ominous prophecies are the whisperings of a fifth-rate Mrs. Grundy, not the terrible first-class dame who rules courts, and to whom duchesses bow. And Eustacia is ready to perish in gloom and darkness, if needs be; to be shut out from light and joy, as everything forsaken is. She will sacrifice herself, but not on the altar of cold propriety; she may sink to the lowest depths of misery; but the world shall be well lost for one's sake.

"I am going away," she repeats, slowly, "but I wish to try and rest an hour or so first."

"And ye've been ill, darlint, and ye raved in a fever about a lord. Bless me, but I've clane forgot 'is name. No good comes o' poor girls and lords; they marry for money and their equal in rank, and they throw off one as trusts 'em as easy and careless as they might a pair o' gloves. No, don't belave them, darlint; shure and it's fond we be o' ye too, and I'll send ye up some strong jelly and wine before ye get a bit o' sleep."

Eustacia's sad eyes fill. This woman, poor, ignorant and common, has been invariably kind and gentle to her. The loving Irish heart beats loyally for the girl whose noble brow bears a certain imprint of race; an hereditary stamp of pride and grandeur. She drags herself wearily up the five flights of stairs, and entering her little room, glances round with a wintry smile.

"It is all I have to lose," she says, and the soots are floating vicariously over the yellow counterpane; the window is still dirty and begrimed; the perfume of stewed steak and savoury soups still floats from the coffee-house; the blind is broken; the half-crown mirror has tumbled out of its frame; the blinding sun fills every corner in triumphant defiance.

It is all horrible, wretched and poverty-

stricken, but it is her life, and it speaks of the dull prose of cities—of so many human lives.

But she will leave it; those deadly grappling irons called want, duty, endurance, discipline, shall have no further name or meaning; she will go away from them out yonder to where her lover awaits her; where wealth, passion, pleasure and frivolity are all wreathing chains of roses, and where she no more dreams of poison and anguish being hidden than a child looks for a glistening snake on the green glowing grass.

Her drooping life will be re-animated with joy. She will be surrounded by everything most enchanting to the senses; she can study, improve, educate herself; and to set against all these she will have no marriage-bond, no position, no respectability.

And yet how many, she thinks, are longing to shuffle off their bonds and wedding-rings. How many loveless, hateful unions are to be found where men and women glare at each other in sullen silence, and speak harsh words, while with others common-place indifference, supported by comfortable ease and a satisfactory balance at their bankers, is all that marriage represents.

"And then I love him," she whispers. "Oh, my dearest, I would follow you to the dreariest desert or die ten thousand deaths sooner than be parted from you now!"

The snake-like folds of her blue-back hair are all about her snowy bust and shoulders; she knew that she was beautiful by the love-light in his eyes.

She is so happy she could weep; she is so wretched she could smile; curious antitheses of mood to which women of her impassioned temperament are alone subject. She thinks of her lover caressing these ebony locks in a few short hours time, as they sit together amid flowers and buds in some lovely room in voluptuous silence; the sweet forbidden kisses; the wild delirium with its odd undercurrent of despair. Is it not the minor wail that deepens the sombre passion of the hour; symbol of the tears so full of languor and soft romantic hopes?

The barriers of self-restraint and prudence are all swept away. Surely a surrender terrible as when some elevated and enthusiastic nature, eager for sacrifice and seeing visions in all the ardour of religious zeal, rejects the once-loved faith, and from penances, fasts, and the adoration of the crucifix draws on himself the cold mantle of the infidel.

What, she thinks, is there to regret in leaving the shabby little room at four shillings a week? No loving parent's counsel, no young sister's clinging arms are here to restrain her. It is all lonely and desolate as a grave, with not a soul to regret her. Why should she regret herself?

Stealing downstairs, she gives the landlady a sovereign for rent long over-due, shakes the good woman heartily by the hand and with a few hasty words of thanks hurries out into the street.

"Faith, an' the darlint seems but a lamb among a pack o' wolves," the landlady mutters, "and when one's sweet, shure the flies love to fatten," reflecting that her own sweet days have long faded, and maybe are all buried with a beloved one in a grass-grown grave.

Lord Jasper is waiting punctually at the terminus, and having been to several house-agents, thinks that from the description one has given him of a cottage ornee at Twickenham, dirt cheap at twelve guineas a week, for it includes splendid grounds, hot-houses, and stabling, that it will exactly suit him. The gentleman who had been living in this delightful bower is leaving as to-day, and the owner is particularly anxious to secure a first-rate tenant.

With the Duke of Luxmore and Sir Henry Templeton as references, what could the most conscientious house agent (in the interests of the owner of the cottage) require more?

Lord Jasper will, therefore, give Eustacia the address at Twickenham and join her in the evening. He wishes to send in rare wines, fruits, and

flowers, half-a-dozen parrots that have taken her fancy, and a grand piano.

And, strange to say, he feels small compunction and still less self-accusation at the present crisis. The tone of society is not so constituted that it will cast him off as a felon, for what would society care so long as he rides a neat moral hobby-horse occasionally and trots it out on suitable occasions, when he and Mrs. Grundy came in collision. The only people society refuses to forgive are those who cannot feed it, and offer it three-guinea pineapples and the services of a French chef.

Lord Jasper has to lunch to-day at Eaton Square at the particular wish of Lady Emmeline, so he will arrange for Eustacia to see the cottage while he agrees to take it, and will join her after luncheon. There is a painful and sorry tale to be told—he will have to endure a series of family pyrotechnics in connection with his ill-fated marriage.

He sees the sad, yearning look in Eustacia's eyes—sadness wholly untranslatable to him. He is a young man of fashion, with levities only on a par with those of his friends and associates, and he is madly in love with a girl in the highly satisfactory position of having no awkward friends to lament her absence, not even a lachrymose mother or infuriated father to make things unpleasant, for the count is occupied with his own cares and dangers.

"My darling, soon we shall be always together, all in all to each other," he whispers, drawing a superb diamond ring on the finger of her right hand. Eustacia's ideas and ways are not exactly of this world, which, moreover, is satisfactory, too, for although sweet-natured, generous and gentle, a poet and a gentleman, Lord Jasper has a certain leaven of first-class selfishness perfectly natural, and even beautiful, people will say, when a man is wealthy. He is light-hearted as a thistle-down, too, which of course gives a kindly halo to this agreeable egotism.

He likes this tinge of sadness, so different to vulgar contentment. Could anything be more charming: than the under-current of poetic idealism. It has just the right flavour for his mental palate; but already the soothing sense of being again with him is asserting its mystic influence and charm over her mind.

Eustacia drives off in the cab, feeling that all the fine and exquisite subtleties that love delights to bathe and be refreshed in are being circumvented by a horrible prose—viz., that of looking over an elegantly furnished cottage.

With very different feelings had Mlle. Mauvais Pas, a friend of the Duke of Luxmore, inspected the furniture destined for her use, for she insisted in the first instance that it should be new, and of the best quality, and in the second, that it should be conveniently settled on herself, and had all the Banksia roses and ivy pulled down, so that the house looked bare as a barrack, although it was well stuffed inside.

She saw life in its true colours—its solid prose—not as a beautiful rippling stream on which we fling flowers and hearts; and prose means fine costumes, vegetables out of season, carriages, horses, rose-diamonds, and handsome furniture; nineteenth century prose that laughs down pathos and ridicules feeling, and shrugs its shoulders at romance and asks for realism—even on the stage—real pewter pots, scaffold poles, and Tattersall's, while the only unreality it likes, weeps over, believes in, is the beauty borrowed from rose-leaf tinted rouge, guinea switches (warranted real hair), nonentities and tinsel.

"Make us laugh, and we'll pay you, or, if we weep, let us, at least, know they are the mawkish, unsatisfactory tears of false sentiment, and still falsier art."

Such is the command of the vox populi. There is also another cry. "Heaven preserve us from being bored."

When Eustacia finds herself before the elegant looking cottage, with its double coach-house and stabling, its pale grey Venetian blinds and magnificent lawn, on which beds of scarlet geraniums and calceolarias shine like gold and fire in the sun, she has a vivid con-

sciousness of how strangely beautiful life may be made when everything that architecture and art can devise has been thoroughly effected through wealth.

So different seemed this sweet Elysian bower to the dark and begrimed houses in the London streets. The gates are open, and she walks across the gravel sweep. This will be her future home, this rose-wreathed sunny cottage, with its handsome bay windows shaded with rich lace curtains, its conservatories and gardens.

She is startled from her Utopian musing by seeing the figure of a tall, refined-looking man standing at the hall door, and Eustacia's steps are suddenly arrested as though he has the power to wave her back from entering.

He too, has seen her, for he walks hurriedly towards her and stretches out his hand.

It is Count Mancelli.

Eustacia's pallor betrays her emotion, and she is trembling, he feels her fingers vibrate against his. He understands the situation at a glance as he looks at that white, ringless left hand, and draws a telegram from his breast-coat pocket.

The telegram is from Lord Jasper: it mentions that a lady will shortly arrive and be prepared to remain at Carshalton Cottage.

"Is it possible that you have listened and obeyed a voice that will be your ruin, a love which is an insult?"

She rebels against the tone, although it has shaken her as men on the brink of battle are shaken by the clang of arms.

"I have been cast off and forsaken; it is all that is left me."

"But you will return to duty, to honour, will you not, at my entreaty?"

She sees the calm cold glance with a faint tinge of scorn underlying its pity.

"Why do you seek to restrain me, Count Mancelli; by what authority do you attempt to coerce my resolve?"

"Come in here, and I will talk to you," and now they enter the hall together, and drawing aside a crimson velvet curtain, he leads her to the drawing-room, and sits facing her on a low ottoman.

"The authority of Heaven. You are on the brink of a crime, that will not only destroy your life, but your soul; you are obeying a pagan impulse, and yet you will tell me you love this man, Lord Jasper Fitzmaurice."

The crimson flush dies out of her cheek, but a pale light flashes all over her face, as she says: "It is true."

His eyes linger on the diamond ring, he smiles bitterly.

"Do you know what kind of man this lover of yours is?"

"I care nothing, if he were a murderer. I would follow and die by his side in a prison."

"He is what is called a free liver. He does not understand faithfulness or love, if he did, he would marry you. He can only offer the capricious fancy of a worldling."

"I never would be a burden to him, and I am not worthy to be his wife. I am only a nameless and ignorant girl, willing to be a victim, to suffer, and to die."

"But are you without religion, and cannot you be swayed by a diviner impulse—that of renouncing crime for his sake? Pity him—save him from himself. At this moment I seem to possess a warrant from Heaven calling on you to return. Purify your life and his by resistance, and make your sorrow an offering and an atonement. You used to be noble. Is nobility all dead and withered?"

Pierced and shaken with the words, Eustacia's purpose is restrained; impressed and subdued, she listens in silence. There is something in the solemn grandeur of the count's utterance, in his courtly refinement, and yet commanding power, that lifts her from earth up again to Heaven.

His spiritual strength is grappling with but aiding her weakness; a new reverence and submission are overwhelming her, her old self is returning. The angry rejection dies off her lips, and her sweet, child-like purity triumphs.

"It is cruel, it is more than I can bear," she murmurs; but he sees that she will be true to herself. "For love's sake only have I—"

"There is no reality or depth in a treacherous love that cares not to save you from sin and misery," the count says, rising to leave. "I have tried to keep you from evil for your own sake, but the issue must rest between yourself and your Creator."

He passes softly from her sight, and she is once more alone.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE GRIE OF THE LAW.

I only know we loved in vain.
I only feel—farewell, farewell.

LORD JASPER springs into a hansom cab as soon as he can escape from his step-mother's somewhat long-winded sentences under the awning of the balcony of the Eaton Square drawing-room.

She has not understood much of the plans of his future life or recent trial except that some exceptionally melo-dramatic French count has presented himself, when he has been least wanted, in the light of a husband, but the lawyers will settle everything.

What, indeed, would become of the follies and mistakes of aristocratic life if it were not for the aid of these invaluable ministers of the law? To be sure, they don't profit much by the ill-conducted passions of the lower orders: Bill Crowbar, a navy, smashes his wife to death through a culminating point of long-suffering jealousy, and is hanged, and there's an end of him; but when Lord Scrope wishes to give the countess to Lady S—in a gentlemanly fashion, without employing rapier or pistol in the direction of a too happy rival's breast, then come in the lawyers and stop bleeding hearts with handsome settlements as neatly as a bricklayer lays mortar in the crevices of a cracked wall.

"Dear Jasper, do pray take care of yourself, and don't get desperate and low-spirited or drink and do absurd things; you poets are all weakness and devotion," Lady Emmeline is saying in an affectionate whisper, after the Rochefort cheese has been removed by the footman, and they have re-ascended to the drawing-room.

The midsummer heat rests upon the flowers in the balcony, and seems to hush them to slumber like love caressing the tired eyes of a wearied watcher who has wooed sleep in vain. She sees he listens with vacillating hesitation, and is in a hurry to be off.

"Of course you're cut up; it's a nasty thing to be talked of at the club. Get her over to Italy; she's just one of those convenient sort of women who will die of grief very quickly," Lady Emmeline continues, drawing the soft folds of her dark peacock-green costume round her so that she resembles a classical statue.

"And you've not heard of dear Maude's engagement? Sir Harry Templeton proposed to her last evening; excellent match, and such a nice gentlemanly fellow. Money?—oh, yes, and to spare; three landed estates. Can't you stay? Well, I won't detain you; look in on us in a few days' time, and you shall hear more about darling Maude!"

But he is not thinking of his young step-sister at that moment; he is absorbed in the picture of Eustacia waiting for him amid the shady nooks of the gardens of the cottage with a glad love-light in her happy smile. He has a few parcels to call for in Regent Street, and he takes with him a hamper of rare wine, and two magnificent silk dresses, soft as the plumage on a dove's breast; he has ordered hosts of other things with all the careless generosity of a lover, but he will take these down with him to-day. And as the express train is whirling him to Twickenham, Eustacia is walking rapidly to and fro over the velvet-pile carpet, battling with herself as only a proud nature, whose sufferings are pangs that half uproot life, can battle.

"I must leave before he arrives, or my strength

may fail me," the girl murmurs, falteringly.

"Oh, my love, it is for you alone—"

He has passed through the gates, and enters the cottage; she hears the light, rapid steps. Before she can turn or move he has clasped her in his arms; but there is no answering radiance, no voluptuous clinging.

"Dearest, what ails you?" Lord Jasper cries, startled at her silence. "Am I late? Are you angered with me, or weary of waiting?"

She throws herself at his feet with a sharp, wailing cry—a cry that entreats pardon.

"Jasper, I must leave you this very hour."

"Is this all you have to say to me?" he mutters, in his throat, "this all the love I am to receive? This your faith and constancy? Take care, Eustacia, take care, lest I utter words that will kill you as surely as a sword-thrust kills at the heart."

"I love you, Jasper, as you know, but our lives will be an insult to love."

"No, he cries, fiercely, pushing her from him; "it is false—it is not what you really mean me to understand! You are a coward, Eustacia, but you are ambitious. You want my name, my title, to be Lady Fitzmaurice, and reign where Stephanie has been dethroned."

"Oh, Heaven! How you misjudge me!" she murmurs, rising.

Suddenly he seizes her in his arms, strains her to his breast, kisses her lips and brow and as suddenly releases her.

"Beloved, listen to me ere you throw aside happiness for ever. Look into my eyes, dear. Do we not see each other's image by that sombre and fiery light? Throw away worldliness."

"It is you who are worldly. You love like the world, and I would save you."

"Eustacia, I forbid you to leave me."

"Ah, dearest, you will understand me better someday," she answers, moving aside. "I am innocent—free from guile. I seek neither your title nor inheritance. Now you are angered and indignant. Forgive me! I was weak—and I loved you."

Her sobs shake her slender frame and choke her utterance.

"Eustacia, you are free—free to leave me and to forget me."

He is paler than she as they stand side by side by the hearth. She takes his wrist and lifts it to her grieved and trembling lips.

"My love is greater, Jasper, than yours. It can never forget save in the grave, whither I shall sink."

She is beautiful in her tears and rejection of him; and the penitance with which she averts the weakness of having temporarily yielded to temptation. This rejection only increases Lord Jasper's passion.

"By heavens, she'll make me marry her after all," he mutters, aggrieved and irritated; he has that unpleasant consciousness of having been deceived by a woman; his vanity is scathed and bruised; he feels scourged and wretched.

After all, he is only a spoiled child of fortune, this young nobleman, who has met opposition where he has looked for an easy victory. His reproaches sting and wound her, but she is brave for his sake.

"I thought this would have been better than a bridal eve," he mutters, turning from her dim eyes; the pain in them wrings him to the innermost depths of his soul. He would fain kiss it away and see the starry orb brighten with rapturous joy. "How can you leave me to my loneliness?"

She has drawn her hat over her knotted hair and taken a flower from the table on which he is leaning, in gloomy and sullen displeasure. They found the flower crushed and withered that night on her heart; its waning fragrance embalming her solitary love-letter, when the world seemed dark indeed.

"It is a shipwreck of all!" he cries, with petulant anger. "You have had a chance of happiness, Eustacia, and you have spoilt both our lives."

"Not so," she answers, bending over him in her sweet, timid way, and kissing him on the

brow as Diana might have embraced Eudymion. "I erred in my weakness; now strength has returned. I can bless you, my beloved, and depart."

He is silent; he sees her pass from his sight as an image in a dream. "Too lovely, to be lost, too saintly to be won!"

"Is she human?" thinks his lordship, savagely, and then he melts with new and passionate tenderness. Left him to anguish and regret, and taken with her a flower, a rose—emblem of love!

He may be a poet, but she is a poem—a poem to be set to divinest music, to create celestial hymns. He thinks her half a simpaton, but then how angelic! She is ten times—nay, a million times, more precious since she has evaded him.

In the same way we soon forget a fault when the punishment is light, so does a lover lightly esteem a woman too easily won. But she has gone with the sunlight and a blessing, and he is alone.

Eustacia finds herself wandering slowly in a hopeless, mechanical way towards the station. Wild and sorrowful, she feels all has been swept from her life that might have rendered it worth having; but still her love for Lord Jasper is ceasing to have that turbulent hold over her senses that it formerly possessed. She loves him, but with an ache; his reproaches passed lightly over her head. She hears the count's warning words:

"It is the caprice of a worldling!"

Thrilled with anguish, her fine senses could detect a want of reality in Lord Jasper, a selfish plaint—the power of self-love. There is a deep under-current of pride in Eustacia's love; her pride had but slumbered. All our strongest characteristics are at times submerged by a revolt of the senses.

"Lord Jasper's love is an insult." Alas! these bitter words sting her like scorpions; she remembers the delicate, restrained devotion of the man who would have deemed it the highest privilege and delight of his life to have crowned her as his queen, to have given her his name and chosen her as the companion of every hour. He had spoken of an immortal love that cannot be classed with the love of a worldling. So after all it is vulgarity, and avarice and tough realism that succeed. She has shaken the golden shackles off her feet, which will soon be all cut and bruised with pebbles harder than the flinty hearts of which they are the symbol.

"What an idiot!" Mdlle. Maurais has, painting her eyelashes, would have cried had she heard all the circumstances. "Deserves to die in a ditch."

But it is the instinct of real and passionate love that has sent Eustacia alone on her dreary path of solitude; hers is no conscience scared with a long abandonment to sin, and for the substantial comforts, the means of heaping up gold, of living in luxury and indolence which she has forsaken—well, she can do without them.

The man who loved her with an immortal love must have wept tears of joy at her salvation had he seen that solitary figure with a rose in its hand, staggering onward, suffering, but not abased. Perhaps angels minister to strong, brave mortals, silent, sad and patient in their agony, but staggering onward, nevertheless, in the path of honour and of duty, although the briars grow everywhere. There are burning tears in her black, lustrous eyes—tears that may have saved her reason.

It is dreary work, though, sitting alone in the little railway station listening to the shriek of the monster engines and the heavy, lumbering sound of the luggage trains as they roll by. But she must bear it all; all the fever and emotion and unrest must die out. She has been reared amid cruelty, vice, falsehood, and privation, but her life shall not be shameful, nor false. There must be an end, some day.

She looks at the rose in her hand, holds it to her lips, it is withered and dying; her tears fall on it like the dew of Heaven.

"Poor little rose, only a flower—born for a day's life in the sun," she mutters, thinking that one day passed with "him" must have been like that of a rose—caressed and slain by the very light that feeds and cherishes it.

And the sun, like Lord Jasper, is cruel. She blends her thoughts together in sad and dreamy sweetness. The earth is harsh, and existence a blight. At that moment the porter calls to her that the train is coming in the distance; she sees it gleaming like a long dark snake over the rails. Will it not carry her far hence from him? As she takes her seat in the carriage she draws a deep sigh of weariness. What will be the future?

Crowds of people are congregated at Waterloo Station, whither she will alight. Some great race has taken place, and people have flocked to witness it. She finds some difficulty in escaping, being severely jostled and elbowed. As she beckons to a cabman, who is just driving off, two men spring up like serpents from a seat on the platform.

"That's her!" one cries, pointing to Eustacia. "My! But she looks young for the business."

"Got a fine diamond on her finger, too. Ah! they know how to work the bracelet. Come, Benny, we don't want a scene here, and you may be obliged to clasp on the bracelets."

She sees them coming; they are now quite close.

"Sorry, miss, to spile your little journey, but you must come away with us!"

Her head is erect; her eyes flash fire.

"Why? By what right do you dare prevent me leaving here?"

"There, cut all that moonshine; hof course ye're innocent as a daisy; ye hall are till ye're tried by judge and jury and mend yer manners in a prison."

"In a prison! Great heaven! What will become of me; what have I done?"

"Oh! don't she do it stunner, too, Benjamin; beautiful, ain't it? Polly Adaire's an idiot to her at the Wice. You're arrested, my dear, and you'll come along nice and quiet like a lamb with us!"

People are beginning to stare at her; a small crowd collect. A terrible blank seems to change everything.

"On what charge?"

"For an attempt to poison the Countess de Remolles!"

(To be Continued.)

FACELINE.

TAKING IT OFF.

JONES (who had made an elaborate charcoal study for a grand historical picture, which the servant has rubbed off): "Why, what the— Why, what have you been doing?"

MARY: "Oh, I ain't touched nothing, sir; I was only a-dustin' it a bit, sir, and—"

A LAWYER once asked a judge to charge the jury that "it is better that ninety-and-nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should be punished." "Yes," said the judge, "I will give that charge, but in the opinion of the court the ninety-and-nine guilty men have already escaped in this country."

HALEWAY UP THE HILL.

GRANDPAPA: "By George, I must stop and blow a bit, Tommy."

TOMMY: "All right, grandpapa! I've got a stone to put under your heel." —Punch.

"DRINK," IN THREE ACTS.

LET us have some more!

Let's ha's more!

"L'Assommoir!" —Punch.

"THE SOLDIER'S TEAR."—Old Song.

OFFICER (to Royal Marine who has just been

inspected to go to Zululand: "What's that man crying for? What are you crying for, sir?"

JOE: "Boo-hoo! What the good o' gain' now? We ought to 'a' gone a year ago!" —Punch.

CANDOUR.

BROWN: "What, Blobs an overrated duffer! Come, I say, now, Topsywaver, you once told me yourself he was the greatest genius that had ever shone on the world since the days of—"

LITTLE TOPSAWYER: "Ah, that's when nobody had ever heard of him, you know. But now!—why, hanged if they don't make more fuss about Blobs than they do about me!" —Punch.

SYMPATHY.

LITTLE GIRL: "Mamma, dear, I do so pity you."

MAMMA: "Why, dear?"

LITTLE GIRL: "Because nurse says you have to go out and eat another great big dinner after all the mutton chops and tapioca pudding we had in the middle of the day, and nurse says you must pretend to like it or they would be very, very cross." —Judy.

ON A BEAUTIFUL GIRL

WHO WAS STRUCK DEAD BY LIGHTNING.

"LAY her down," they said, on her maiden-bed;

Straighten her limbs, and cover her head;

Let her sleep on in her regal dress;

She is still a queen in her loveliness."

But the stricken form and the silent breath

Were clad in the pallid hue of death!

A "thing of beauty" she came to earth.

And nature joyed when it gave her birth;

Modelled her limbs with artistic skill,

Put a voice within her our hearts to thrill;

Gave the lily's hue to her swan-like throat,

And looks that the envious zephyrs caught;

Put the roses' bloom on her pearly cheek,

And gave her a soul so fair and meek

That all things lovely vied for the prize

That fell from the light of her beam-

ing eyes.

So that the hosts of heaven agreed

That her beauty was of celestial make,

And the angels said to the lightning rod,

"Go to her, kiss her, and leave her to God,

Like a lover stealing his last caress

While she is wearing her virgin dress."

And the lightning laughed as he went his way.

At the daring deed he had done that day.

But the angels smiled on that deed of love

And caught her up to their home above.

E. S.

GEMS.

THERE are two things to which we never grow accustomed—the ravages of time, and the injustice of our fellow men.

WHEN we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our tempers; and in society our tongues.

THE wounded heart still smiles, if religion light it—just as the ruin that the sun glids; decay may be there, but the gloom is dispelled.

FALSEHOODS, artifice and tricks are as sure a mark of a low and poor spirit, as the passing of false money is of a poor, low purse.

WHEN you are in danger from external enemies, look out. When the peril is from your own unbridled passions, look in.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

STEAMED PUDDING.—Two cups of milk, half a cupful of molasses, two-thirds of a cupful of chopped pork, one teaspoonful of soda, three cupfuls of flour. Steam two or three hours, and eat with sweet sauce.

PUDDING SAUCE.—One cupful of sugar, one cup of butter, one egg, the yoke and white beaten separately, flavour to suit the taste, beat all together, and add one tablespoonful of hot water just before serving.

TO CLEAN GILT FRAMES.—When the gilt frames of pictures or looking-glasses or the mouldings of rooms have specks of dirt upon them from flies or other causes, they may be cleaned with white of egg gently laid on with a camel's-hair pencil.

CLEANING BLACK LACE.—Wash it in skimmed milk, do not rub, but constantly squeeze it softly. When it seems clean, take it out and put it into a little clean milk, also skimmed, give it another squeeze, and lay it out directly on sheets of stout paper; touch it every here and there with your fingers to draw out the scollops and hedges; lay the sheets of paper over the lace, and a heavy weight over all till dry. If laid on anything soft, the moisture is absorbed, and the lace will not be so new looking.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FURTHER experiments made of late show that the great guns of the Woolwich pattern will have to be superseded as quickly as possible by breechloaders.

THERE are to be field manoeuvres on a large scale in Russia this summer. No less than 260,000 men, with 880 guns, are to take part.

THE number of militia regiments called out for training this year is 167, viz., 97 in England and Wales, 16 in Scotland, and 44 in Ireland. The establishment, according to the recent order from the War Office, is 137,562 of all ranks.

AS one of the steps in the candidature for Mid-Lothian by Mr. Gladstone, his portraits have been freely distributed; but we are afraid the result of the election will not be in his favour.

AN Aberdeen minister blandly suggested to the modest that the golden sovereign makes less noise in the contribution box than a penny-piece, and he got this note in explanation next day, "principally for the reason that it is never put in."

THE project of erecting a statue of John Knox in Edinburgh has been revived, and a committee formed to carry out the intention. An amateur theatrical club will give a performance in aid of the funds. "Box and Cox" will be one of the pieces.

THE Heavy Siege Gun Committee, of which Sir John Stokes, K.C.B., is President, have resolved to carry out a series of experiments on New Romsey Marsh, with a view to testing the range and accuracy of some of the most recent improvements in artillery. Trials of a preliminary character are to commence at once, but the main experiments will not take place until the autumn.

"SOLDIERS of fourteen years old" reads too ridiculous, yet an order has just been issued to the effect that no boy will be enlisted under the age of fourteen years; except under very special circumstances, and then only with the previous consent of his parents or guardians. In any case, however, boys enlisted for the militia must be over thirteen years of age; that being the age up to which the compulsory attendance at school is fixed by the Education Act.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS must in all cases be accompanied with full name and address; they will be replied to under the initials. We have a large number of letters signed "A Constant Reader." This is apt to confuse.

ARTHUR.—A good plan to adopt is to bathe your weak eyes with a little sugar dissolved in warm water before going to bed.

CLARA.—For surf or dandriff wash the head twice a week with warm water and soap, afterwards washing with cold water, and always use the brush frequently.

A. B. C. D.—If you marry again your husband will be liable for the support of the children under age. Whether the guardians would disturb the present arrangement is a question we cannot answer. Certainly you should wear the rings as usual.

BONA FIDE.—Warm baths occasionally, and great attention to personal cleanliness, will be the best remedy. Drink limejuice and water.

MAY.—Matrimonial announcements may be sent to the Editor, accompanied with full name and address. They will appear in due course.

MAUDE.—There are several dykes you could use for the purpose, but most of our correspondents prefer what are known as Judson's, which they find reliable.

WILLIAM M.—We are sorry we cannot oblige you; there is something wanting in reference to the good faith of the announcement.

A READER.—We are glad to receive from you the good opinion of your friends of the entertainment they get by perusing our READERS, which we endeavour to maintain superior to any other periodical. Your prose is good, but must be declined with thanks.

C. W. H.—The trial of Manning and his wife for the murder of O'Connor took place October 27, 1869.

P. Q. R.—Mr. Charles Keen's last appearance on the stage was at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, when he played Louis XI., on the 29th of May, 1867. The last appearance on the stage of Mr. F. E. Cooke was at the Princess's Theatre, May 2, 1861, when he played Philip, in "Luke the Labourer," for the benefit of the widow Saker.

INQUIRE.—The lines were written by Alfred Tennyson, and will be found in his poem of "In Memoriam." The quotation runs:

"I hold it true what'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

S. W.—The meat market at Smithfield was opened at the end of the year 1868.

DONALD B. W.—You should speak to the young lady's parents, and have a thorough understanding with all parties.

SINGER.—It would be better for you to settle down at some hard, honest work. You cannot rely upon what your friends tell you about your ability to excel on the stage. They flatter you, with the kindest intentions, no doubt; but if you follow their suggestions the chances are that you will make a very grave mistake.

MAT.—You seem a scrupulous and modest person, and we are happy to put an end to your perplexity. The presumption is that the lady and gentleman wish to be together, and the lady is not commonly left nearer the door than the gentleman. So you will be safe in rising and allowing them to pass.

HONG KONG.—In some rural localities such customs are so prevalent that they are not looked upon as improper, but in large cities such a custom would certainly not be tolerated.

JOHN.—We are not adepts in the language of precious stones, but a gift of any of them, handsomely set, speaks of respect or affection, as the case may be.

JACQUES.—It might be better for the gate than to lean on it and talk a while, but not so conducive to matrimony.

C. W.—We can hardly make them plainer than does the spelling. The accent in Helen and Ethel is on the first syllable, and so also in Nina, in which we presume the "i" has the sound of double "e."

ESQUILAR.—We know nothing of the house to which you refer. It is never safe to send money to persons of whose trustworthiness you are not thoroughly assured.

OUR NEXT ISSUE WILL CONTAIN A DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF THE INTERNATIONAL AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION AT KILBURN.

OLD SHARKEY, YOUNG SHARKEY, SAWNEY, and YOUNG HAYSAS, four seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with four young ladies with a view to matrimony. Old Sharkey is twenty-two, medium height, blue eyes. Young Sharkey is nineteen, dark, and hazel eyes. Sawney is twenty-one, blue eyes, good-looking, fond of dancing. Young Haysas is twenty, tall, dark, fond of children.

BETA, dark, good-looking, middle-aged, with moderate means, would like to correspond with an accomplished, affectionate young lady with private means with a view to matrimony.

CESAR, forty-four, medium height, light hair and eyes, would like to correspond with a lady possessing money or business of her own. Now living at Cape Town, but expect to be home in two or three months.

LIVERPULIAN and EVERTONIAN, two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. Liverpulian is twenty-six, tall, dark, fond of home and music. Evertonian is twenty-three, tall, good-looking, dark, fond of music.

BONNET KATE, twenty-seven, a widow, tall, handsome, dark, of a loving disposition, with two little girls, would like to correspond with a honourable man with a view to matrimony. Send address.

AMBER'S STORY.

I'm Blossie Bell's bird—a canary.

"My name?" Blossie says it is "Amber."

"My home?" "Tis a window nook bright."

Where roses and giantines clamber.

A table I see just beneath

Wherewith leafy lilies lie.

A thimble, a book, garden hat

Full of roses, out ready for tying;

Beside it sits Blossie at

Such a gay little blue bonnet trimming,

She sings as she sews, till I stop

To hear the soft tune she is humming.

I sing all alone. She has gone.

I knew my glad days were all over,

When she put a new name in her prayers,

And kissed a poor spray of red clover

When a tall shadow stood in the sun.

A touch the sweet rose-tangle rifted

Then clasped the small hand on the sill,

Its whiteness to bearded lips lifted;

When the radiant bride sailed away,

Content to the stalwart arm clinging,

Still cheering the hearts on the shore,

She vanished away softly singing.

Home again Blossie come; not in sun

But in shade, the young mother is sleeping,

Whilst cradled in grandmother's arms

"Baby Blossom" and love vigil keeping.

How the years of long years glow again:

Babe and mother seem children together,

When the small clinging hand holds her fast

By a mystical, fair double tether.

Ah! through coming days unite

Quiver under the roseate fingers,

Till years past and future unite

While her tremulous lullaby lingers.

The sun in the window shines warm,

The wind brings the breath of the roses,

But no golden head shines within,

No dawn the dear vision discloses.

A saint, worn and weary with years,

Bows daily in Blossom's old station,

And tremblingly prays for content

To wait for her nesting translation.

At twilight a stalwart man comes,

Touching thimble and book o'er and over,

And a great choking sob reads his lips

When he finds, marking tests, a red clover.

Sullen sorrow lies heavy and dark

Since they shrouded and silenced poor Amber,

And drew back the curtains to show

The sunrise through roses that chamber

To Blossie who went with the morn

(Baby went with the evening dew pearly),

And Blossie said, folding her hands,

"I'll meet thee, dear one, very early."

E. L.

J. W., twenty-seven, dark curly hair, would like to correspond with a young lady about the same age. Send address.

MERRY SAM, twenty-one, fair dark brown hair, hazel eyes, would like to correspond with a young lady about the same age. Respondent must be fair, and of a loving disposition.

GUINIS STAR, a seaman in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty-one. He is of medium height, blue eyes, loving.

J. D. R. O., E. H., and G. H. S., four seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with four young ladies. J. D. is tall, dark, good-looking. R. O. has light hair, of medium height. E. H. is fair, medium height, fond of children. G. H. S. is tall, fair, blue eyes, good-looking.

SEAGULL, PORPOISE, and FLYING FISH, three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies with a view to matrimony. Seagull is twenty-four, blue eyes, good-looking, fond of home and music. Porpoise is twenty-one, good-looking, fond of children. Flying Fish is twenty-six, hazel eyes, fond of music and dancing. Addresses required.

LOVING GEORGE, SWEET WILLIAM, and PRETTY JOHNNY, three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies. Loving George is twenty-three, dark blue eyes, fond of music. Sweet William is twenty-four, fair, hazel eyes, medium height. Pretty Johnny is tall, curly hair, dark.

MICK SWANS, DISMOUNTING TACKLE, and BREACH RUNNER, three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies. Mick Swans is twenty-two, dark hair, hazel eyes. Dismounting Tackle is twenty-one, tall, fair, of a loving disposition, fond of music and dancing. Breach Runner is twenty, medium height, dark, loving. Respondents must be about nineteen. Send addresses.

WILL and GUST, two friends, would like to correspond with two domestic servants. Will is twenty, fair, of a loving disposition. Gust is twenty-two, good-looking, dark, fond of home and children. Respondents must be about nineteen.

TRIXIE, eighteen, dark brown hair, hazel eyes, loving, fair, thoroughly domesticated, would like to correspond with a young man about twenty-one, tall, of a loving disposition.

MERCURIAL CIRCUIT CLOSER, PER OXIDE OF MANGANESE, GRANULATED CARBON, and ELECTROPHORUS, four seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with four young ladies with a view to matrimony. Mercurial Circuit Closer is twenty-three, tall, good-looking, fair. Per Oxide of Manganese is of medium height, and fond of children. Granulated Carbon is twenty-three, tall, fair, light blue eyes, fond of children. Electrophorus is twenty-two, dark, hazel eyes, handsome. Respondents must be about twenty.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.

FLASHING JOE is responded to by—S. B., dark hair and eyes, fond of home and children.

R. J. M. by—Annie, nineteen, medium height, dark, of a loving disposition, fond of home and children. Send address.

JAMES BURNS by—F. W., medium height, brown hair, hazel eyes.

ROSE by—C. H., medium height, fair, blue eyes, good-looking.

LOTTIE by—W. P., brown hair, medium height.

KATE by—E. H. R., fair, blue eyes, good-looking.

LOU by—C. S., medium height, blue eyes, fond of home and children.

JOHNIE by—Annie P., twenty-two, fair, domesticated, fond of home.

BLANCHIE by—P. B. R., twenty-two, fair, grey eyes, of a loving disposition, fond of home and children.

SARAH EMMA by—G. A. B., twenty-one, tall, dark eyes, of a loving disposition.

POLLY by—George, medium height, blue eyes, fair.

FANNY by—Bill, dark, blue eyes, medium height. Send addresses.

EMILY by—Frederic, nineteen, tall, dark, and fond of music.

LOVING JIM by—Cora, twenty-two, loving, fond of home and children.

SAMUEL by—Nettie, twenty-seven, tall, fair. Address required.

RIGHT GUIDE by—Jane E., twenty-seven, domesticated, medium height, dark.

LOWELL MINNIE by—A. L., forty-four, dark, medium height.

GEORGE by—Nellie, nineteen, fair, of a loving disposition.

JOHNIE by—Alma H., twenty, good-looking, dark, fond of home.

TOM by—Lily, eighteen, good-looking, fond of home and children, fair. DICK by—Christiana, eighteen, tall, brown hair, dark eyes. HARRY by—Charlotte, twenty-one, tall, dark, fond of home. Addresses required.

FRANK by—Rosie, tall, fair, loving.

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